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"A people that take no pride in the noble achievements of remote ancestors will never achieve anything worthy to be remembered with pride by their descendants."--Macauley

Published Monthly at Bandera, Texas, by J. Marvin Hunter

NEW MEXICO
TEXAS
BAILEY
LAMB
HALE
FLOYD
MOTLEY
COTTLE
HOCKLEY
LUBBOCK
CROSBY
DICKENS
KING
COCHRAN
YOAKUM
TERRY
LYNN
GARZA
KENT
STONEWALL
LLANO ESTACADO
STAKED PLAINS
GAINES
DAWSON
BORDEN
SCURRY
FISHER
ANDREWS
MARTIN
HOWARD
MITCHELL
NOLAN
EL PASO
TOM GREEN
CROCKETT
PRESIDIO
REEVES
PECOS
IRION
KINNEY
MAVERICK
DALLAM
SHERMAN
HANSFORD
OCHILTREE
LIPSCOMB
HARTLEY
MOORE
HUTCHINSON
ROBERTS
HEMPHILL
OLDHAM
POTTER
CARSON
GRAY
WHEELER
DEAF SMITH
RANDALL
ARMSTRONG
DONLEY
COLLINGSWORTH
PARMER
CASTRO
SWISHER
BRISCOE
HALL
CHILDRESS
HARDEMAN
WILBARGER
CHEYENNES AND ARRAPAHOES TERR.
Rio Grande
Pecos River
Canadian River
Red River
Brazos River
Concho River
Colorado River
Llano River
Nueces River
Rio Grande
Capt. Popes Wells
Rockwell
Quito
Arroya
Sand Hills
Midway
Carson
Odessa
Lagonda
Salt Lake
Rock Spring
Mustang Water Holes
Central Sta.
Wild Cherry Water Holes
Geddes Spring
Dry Lake
Horsehead Crossing
Flat Rock Water Holes
Mail Station Bridge
Pecos Falls
Capicater Pass
Hermosa
Toyah
Gomez
San Martin
Phantom Lake
Leon Springs
Keechi Springs
Comanche Springs
Fort Stockton
San Solomon
Barnabas Spring
China Ponds
Kings Spring
Pecos Spring
Camp Lancaster
Cedar Springs
Howards Springs
Vanderbeeks Spring
Old Fort Lancaster
Bonita Mt.
Wigh
Drum
Martins Spring
Dolan Spring
Fort Davis
Willow Spring
Mountain Tank
Horsehead Tank
Bracketville
Fort Lancaster
Fort Leaton
Presidio del Norte
Presidio
Ojo de Verandal
Marathon
Cherry Spring
Reed's Spring
Galveston
Harrisburgh
Lesley
Samuels
Camp Hudson
Painted Cave
Flanders
S. Kickapoo Spring
Bullhead
Del Rio
Fort Clark
Brackettville
Resurreccion
Agua Nueva
Rio de Monclova
Piedras Negras
Eagle Pass
Fort Duncan
Hava
Presidio de San Juan de Bautiste
Allende
Ligedo
Progreso
Lampazos
Valle Cillo
Aguigna
Sierra del Burro
Sierra de las Vacas
Sierra Diablo
Sierra Blanca
Eagle Mts.
Van Horn's Well
Eagle Spring
Carrizo
Ojo Grande
Ojo Caliente
Ojo de Vaca
Ojo de Leon
Ojo de Guadalupe
Ojo de Sta. Rosa
Ojo de Sta. Anna
Ojo de Sta. Maria
Ojo de Sta. Barbara
Ojo de Sta. Clara
Ojo de Sta. Teresa
Ojo de Sta. Isabel
Ojo de Sta. Ana
Ojo de Sta. Rita
Ojo de Sta. Lucia
Ojo de Sta. Cruz
Ojo de Sta. Inez
Ojo de Sta. Maria
Ojo de Sta. Barbara
Ojo de Sta. Clara
Ojo de Sta. Teresa
Ojo de Sta. Isabel
Ojo de Sta. Ana
Ojo de Sta. Rita
Ojo de Sta. Lucia
Ojo de Sta. Cruz
Ojo de Sta. Inez

FRONTIER TIMES

PUBLISHED MONTHLY AT BANDERA, TEXAS

Devoted to Frontier History, Border Tragedy and Pioneer Achievement

Vol. 1—No. 9 JUNE, 1924 $1.50 Per Year

The Battle of Adobe Walls.

Olive K. Dixon, in Fort Worth Record.

Texas is getting ready to celebrate the battle of dobe Walls, on the date of its occurrence. The location of these much talked of battle grounds is in Hutchinson county, Texas, on the north side of the Canadian river, ten miles east of the town of Plemons and about three-quarters of a mile south of the old Tur key Track ranch head-quarters. At this place was enacted one of the most stubborn end successful fights ever made by a limited number of white men against an overwhelming number of hostile Indians.

Here on the evening of June 26, 1874, a little band of men, twenty-eight all told, went serenely to sleep, most of them out on the open prairie, wholly unconscious that there was camped within half a mile of them 700 murderous Indians, fully armed and on the war path, and only waiting for their favorite hour just before daylight, to surprise and massacre them as they slept.

In the spring of 1874 a man named A. C. Myers, who owned a store in Dodge City, in company with about forty-four other men brought down an outfit of groceries and general merchandise and leaving the plains at the head of Moores creek, following the river down to Adobe Walls creek, which flows through a broad and fertile valley six miles in length. Here this little band of men, some of them hardened frontier men, others without any experience whatever, pitched tehir tents and went to work and in a short time established what was known as a trading post.

The buildings were of pickets and sod and comprised a general store owned by A.C. Myers, a blacksmith shop run by Thomas O'Keefe and a saloon and mess house owned by James Hanrahan In connection with the buildings was a stockade corral 200 feet square with bastions on the southeast and northwest corners.

About 2 o'clock on the morning of June 27, 1874, the occupants of one of the buildings were awakened by the cracking of a cottonwood ridge pole which supported the dirt roof and fearing that it would give way, called on some of the men to help to repair it.

This commotion woke up the others and in a short timesomething like fifteen men were helping repair the roof by placing a prop under the long ridge pole.

All this had taken some time and as the buffalo hunters wanted to get an early start for their different camps, some of them did not go back to bed.

The stock was grazing on the creek bottom east of the buildings and Billy Ogg, a young man hardly out of his teens, was sent by Hanrahan to drive up the horses. Just at this time William Dixon, who was busily engaged in rolling up his bed in front of the blacksmith shop near where his loaded wagon stood all ready to pull out for camp, noticed a large body of objects slowly moving toward the buildings, coming up the valley from the east, but it not yet being light he could not distinguish them from a bunch of thickets. On drawing nearer, however, and seeing the camp was aroused and that they were discovered, the Indians gave a mighty warvhoop and came on a charge, driving all the loose stock in front of them.

It is impossible to say what the loss of the Indians was, but from their own story afterwards, it must have been very heavy, for besides the fifteen dead ones left on the ground, there were many indications of wounded ones further out.

Three white men were killed, Billy Tyler, who was shot in the beginning of the fight through an improvised port hole, and the two Shadler brothers, who were surprised and killed in their wagon on the north side of the stockade. The three men were buried in one grave. That the Indians spent some time around this wagon was shown by the fact tthat the cover had been pulled off and such provisions as were found removed. Both the brothers had been scalped and a large Newfoundland dog which slept at the foot of the wagon, and had probably shown fight, had been killed and a piece of hide removed from his side.

The Dancing Man of the Navajoes.

It is strange how few of the many curious tales of early Indian days have been preserved in print. Army officers are not fond of using the pen and many stories that served to beguile the nights around distant camp fires are in danger of being forgotten, as the older officers pass from active military life. In the history of the dealings, honest or otherwise, between the United States government and the red men, there is no incident more curious than the unwritten story of "The Dancing Man" of the Navajoes. Other Indian tribes have been subdued by bloodshed and driven into peaceful pursuits at the point of the bayonet, but the Navajoes, the bravest and most intelligent of the red men, were lured into loyalty by a trick. To this day the remants of this once-powerful tribe pin their faith to a shabby old scare-crow preserved in a Pueblo mision, under the belief that the "The Dancing Man" foretold during many generations had visitd them and stopped bloody conflict. The trick was never discovered.

The territory accupied by the Navajoes became part of the United States at the close of the Merican war and was included in that vast tract north of the Rio Grande and west of the Missisippi. It is needless to state that the Navajoes had not been consulted in the matter. They promptly declined the honor of becoming citizens of the United States and refused, to recognize any authority other than that of their chiefs.

Then came the soldiers to convince them with that old stock argument of gunpowder. When the army was moved out of Mexico a considerable force, composed of all arms of the service, was left to retain possesion of the newly-acquired territory. Col. Ed. V. Sumner, of the Second Dragoons was placed in charge of this force and established his headquarters at Santa Fe. It was not long before he was compelled to notify the Navajoes that they must stop making raids into the valleys, and stop stealing cattle and massacreing Mexicans.

In reply they boldly defied him and announced that they would not give allegiance to the United States nor spare a white man's life. They had a tradition that they could not be conquered until "The Dancing Man" should appear. This practially amounted to a declaration of perpetual warfare. No Navajo had ever seen this "Dancing Man", whose existence was so firmly believed in. For generations the promise had been handed down by the medicine men that when "The Dancing Man" appeared warfare should cease.

Despite the presence ofs the soldiers cattle thieving went on as before and the lives and property of the white settlers were in constant danger. Col. Sumner sent a force to rout the Navajoes from their stronghold. But the troops were ignorant of the difficult topography of the country and, understimating the number of Indians, sustained heavy losses and were driven back.

Summer then constructed Ft. Defiance and garrisoned it with infantry and cavalry, under command of Major Backus. The fort was so situated that it commanded the passes down which the Navajos came from their mountain fastnesses, but nothing daunted, they continued to sweep down, and their depredations were none less serious. The troops had taken prisoner a sixteen-year-old Navajo boy. About this time an inspiration came to Major Backus. He had the boy brought into the fort and comfortably quartered and fed. This continued for two or three weeks and during that time the major proceeded to carry out the details of his plan. With the assistance of some good mechanics he prepared an automaton, whose arms, legs and head could be worked by wires. The dummy was hung up in the major's dimly-lighted study, and connected with his desk by invisible wires, the manipulating wire hidden under the hangings of the walls. When all was arranged, the boy was brought into the major's presence, where was to be enacted the farce that should influence the entire future of his tribe. The young Indian was squatted on a skin in front of the figure. Only two officers were present: Major Backus to pull the wires and Lieutenant Whistler to play the guitar. After the boy had been seated, the lights were slightly raised, and the lieutenant twanged his guitar in dance time. Slowly the figure began to move; the music grew livelier, and presently the figure was keeping time to the rythm with a kicking of the legs, waving of the arms, and nodding of

the head. The boy first looked surprised; then sat open-eyed spell bound. When the exhibition was finished, the boy, without having spoken, was taken back to his quarters. He showed that he was fully convinced. He felt that his eyes had actually beheld the all-powerful "Dancing Man," a privilege not the greatest medicine man of his tribe had ever known.

Major Backus played his game carefully and well, for he had a great deal at stake. Another week of care and almost luxury was bestowed upon the boy. He was then loaded with provisions, placed outside the walls and told to go home.

Three days after the Navajo had left the fort, two chiefs appeared outside the walls with a flag of truce. The chiefs said to the interpreter they had heard that "The Dancing Man" was in the fort and they wished to see him. The Navajoes were purposely kept waiting a very long time before an answer was vouchsafed. When it came it was to the effect that they had incurred the displeasure of the sacred "Dancing Man" by killing the white soldiers. If however, they would return at the end of two weeks with their wives the god might be in a better humor and accord them an audience.

Promptly, on the day set, the chiefs returned with ther wives. The same tactics were followed as with the boy. After being hospitably entertained for awhile, until they got into a genial frame of mind, the major and lieutenant reenacted the farce for their benefit. It was highly successful. The chiefs, proud and pleased and somewhat awe-struck, stalked away to spread the news that the "Dancing Man" was truly in the land.

The decision of the medicine-men was that peace must be declared at once. Hostilities were stopped and peace has been kept until this day. From merciless enemies, the Navajoes were suddenly transformed into friends and allies. They visited constantly at the fort and held Major Backus in great reverence.

In after years, with much pomp and ceremony, Major Backus' stuffed man was removed to a mission church some twenty miles below Fort Defiance, where it remains to this day, an object of reverence by the Indians.

When first known to the United States troops the Navajoes had some crude ideas of agriculture and carried on farming to a certain extent. This was probably one of the results of the Welsh blood that had been engrafted on the tribe in the early days of the development of the mineral wealth of Mexico. There had been brought into the Spanish colony a lot of Welsh miners, many of whom had married into the Navajo tribe and exerted a strong civilizing influence. They taught the Indians how to use the loom and, in course of time, the Navajo squaws became experts in weaving the now famous Navajo blankets.

In the War Department offices of Washington there are now on file the reports of Major Backus, which confirm the story of "The Dancing Man" legend of the Navajoes in every particular.

Hunts Sacks of Gold

Jim Bird, member of the Omaha Indian tribe in Thurston County, Nebraska, honorably discharged from the American Army as scout during the battles with the Sioux Indians, wants another chance to find four sacks of nuggets which he declares he and two Santee scouts buried under a tree in the Bad Lands of South Dakota, 40 years ago. A number of business men interested in the old Indian's story are planning to fit up an expedition to locate the gold. The old scout, who is past 80, declares he is not after the gold from a selfish point of view. He has plenty of money. Government allotments to his family bringing into wealth estimated at $100,000. He says he wants a chance to scout around and find the tree and the gold to prove his story.

The story told by Scout Bird is that, with two Santee Indian scouts, he became separated from the soldiers who were fighting the Sioux. The three scouts were trailed by hostile Indians and wandered off into the Bad Lands, where they were in hiding for several days. In the wanderings through the canyons, they came upon four Mexican prospectors who, believing they were attacked, fired upon the scouts, who, in turn, fired upon the prospetors, killing them. The scouts found four sacks of gold in the camp of the Mexicans—most of the gold being in nugget form. They dug a tunnel under a tree and buried the treasure. They feared discredit upon themselves if they told of the killing of the Mexicans and kept the incident a secret.

Fort Davis Troops Massacred by Apaches.

Capt. A. J. Sowell in San Antonio Light, July 30, 1916

Fort Davis, county seat of Jeff Davis county, is situated at the foot of the Davis mountains and named for Jefferson Davis, president of the Southern Confederacy.

The fort has its tragical frontier history. It was an ideal situation for a fort. There is open country for miles to the south, the eye relieved by distant mountains, and close by, on the north, tower the great peculiar cliffs, columns resembling Giant's Causeway on the coast of Ireland. At the base of the cliffs flowed Limpia creek, clear, transparent, hence its Spanish name. Along the border of this stream grew great cotton wood trees, their gnarled and rough exterior denoting great age.

Fort Davis has an altitude of 5000 feet, but there are peaks to the north, Livermore, Pinetop and Sawtooth, which range from 8,000 to 10,000 feet above sea level, some covered with short pine, while in the canyons are great forests of tall pine, from which material was obtained to build the fort quarters, etc. This country now is a great health resort, many people coming here from North and East with various diseases and complaints; some are cured and all are benefited by the altitude and pure atmosphere. Both white and negro soldiers have at various times been stationed here and many have been buried here. While driving around with Mr. Frank Spraul several years ago, looking at the various places of interest we came to the soldiers' burying ground and saw many open graves, the remains of the soldiers having been taken up by the government and carried away. One grave, however had not been disturbed and Mr. Spraul informed me that the man had committed suicide and he was allowed to remain in the grave of his own making.

At the time of the massacre of the Fort Davis troops, which was in the late '70's, a company of negro troops was stationed there. It was commanded by a white captain and lieutenant. This was the time when the Apache Chief Victoria, and his warriors were raiding and committing depredations along the border, both in Texas and Mexico. The Texas rangers met and fought him and three times drove him and his band across the border. Here the Mexicans got after him and when pressed too close by them he crossed back into Texas. Victoria had left his native haunts, the mountains of New Mexico, and Arizona, and was raiding on the Texans and Mexicans for plunder and love of war

At the mouth of Green river, on the Texas side, was one of his crossing places in entering or leaving Mexico, but sometimes he crossed lower down, where Ojinaga now is.

The commander of Fort Davis, learning through his scouts that Victoria had crossed out of Mexico at the mouth of Green river and was again in Texas with his bloody warriors, set out at once in pursuit of him with his fifty-nine mounted troops. The mouth of Green River where it flows into the Rio Grande, is sixty-odd miles west of Fort Davis. The command camped one night in the foothills of the Davis Mountains and the next day came out into the prairie and passed over the spot where Valentine now is, intending to go through a pass at the mouth of the canyon plainly visible from Valentine and about twelve miles distant, making the mouth of the canyon about forty-five miles from Fort Davis. Beyond the pass was the Rio Grande valley. The commanding officer remained behind for some purpose, but instructed his lieutenant to conduct the troops in to the pass, and then encamp them for the night, the intention being to cross over into the valley on the following morning. The pass at the mouth of the canyon was the only route by which cavalry could cross into the Rio Grande valley without making a wide detour to the northwest or to the left farther south.

The officer sent ahead to select a camp had a better idea of Indian fighting than his captain did, as the sequel will show. East from the mouth of the canyon a short distance was open elevated ground, while around it on its east border was a rocky bluff, the open prairie, however, setting in at its base. Here the lieutenant, after a thorough examination of the surroundings, halted the command and began a fortified camp. Men enough were put to work carrying and piling up rocks so that in a short time a cirgular breast work, breast high

to a man and fronting the bluff, was completed. Seventy-five men could fight from within this enclosure. On all sides was open ground so that any force assulting this position would have to advance through open ground and face the fire of almost concealed marksmen. It was an admirable place to resist an attack from Indians, or any other kind of fighters that did not use artillery.

When the captain arrived he was not satisfied with the arrangements and ordered the command to move on into the mouth of the canyon and encamped them in open ground of about three acres and almost square in shape. On the east side was a rocky hill rising abruptly from the open glade, the same on the west, while on the north was the bluff of a creek that came out of the canyon, and south was a rocky gulley. A veritable death trap.

The horses were carried back to the open prairie and herded. The Apache scouts were on the high peaks watching all of these movements. Victoria moved his warriors up the rimrock from the Rio Grande valley and by daylight had the troops completely surrounded. Apache warriors occupied the ground underneath the creek bank on the north, also the rocky gulley south and both the rocky elevations east and west.

At daylight the attack was made without the Indians charging or changing their position—firing upon the troops from four sides at once and on account of their positions not endangering their own warriors. The Apaches were well armed with guns and fired at close range. Not a rock could a soldier take shelter behind. They could only mill around in the open ground and fire. From the amount of shells scattered over the entire ground, it was evident that they tried at every point to break this cordon of yelling savages. Evidently a desperate attempt was made at the creek bank on the north to force their way out of this deadly fire zone, for here were graves and many empty shells lying close to the brink. Not one soldier was able to escape the death trap. Although it has been mny years since this scene was enacted and many shells have been picked up and carried away by visitors, still there are shells to be seen indicating the desperate resistance that was made.

Just above the battle ground, in the timber, is now the picnic ground for the people of Valentine. Many remains of boots, butons and other things are in evidence, showing that the troops, or many of them at least, sprang from their beds and had no time to put on boots or coats. A short time ago while going over the ground in company with George Newton and Otis Fenley, ranchmen, who now own the property, though not jointly, we picked up some empty shells and some that had not been fired, oth rine and pistol cartridges. Near a rock almost in the center of the glade was quite a number of shells where a trooper had crouched, trying to shield himself, and delivered his fire.

In the southwest corner of the glade near the rocky gulley which cuts through the rock wall that extends north and south, is where the unfortunate captain fell and breathed his last, and here he was buried and a rock wall built up around the grave. Many years after, however, his daughter came and had the remains taken up, carried away and re-interred in the Arlington Cemetery. The grave is open and the wall partly torn down so that the body could be lifted over more easily.

Evidently the charge which was made on the creek bank north was led by white officers, for two open graves are there where bodies have been taken up and evidently at the same time that the remains of the captain were disinterred. The other graves are mostly all in a row about seventy-five yards in length. One man of the command, the horse-herder, escaped. He was discovered, pursued, fired at and wounded, but he ran his horse to death, the animal dying about where Captain Gillett's ranch is ,on the route to Fort Davis, and the trooper continued his flight to his fort on foot. After the last dusky trooper went down the Apaches stripped, scalped and mutilated the bodies, took their arms, saddles and horses and pulled out toward New Mexico.

As most all the troops at the fort had been kiiled it was some time before a force sufficient to bring the dead ventured back to the battle ground.

Captain George Baylor and Lieutenant Nevelle, hearing of the disaster to the colored troopers, moved out with their rangers in pursuit of Victoria and overtook him in the Guadalupe mountains, near the line of Texas and New Mexico. The Apaches were defeated, but without much loss, as they avoided a general

battle with the rangers and kept breaking and running and scattering through the mountains and canyons, carrying most of the captured horses with them.

Not long after this, Victoria made his last raid across the border into Mexico and there, in a conflict with the Mexicans he was killed.

More About the Career of John Wesley Hardin.

By James Hatch, San Antonio, Texas

In the April number of Frontier Times I read a very interesting sketch about John Wesley Hardin, written in 1911 by John Warren Hunter. I probably knew as much about John W. Hardin as any other Texan. I witnessed the tragedy when he killed Morgan at Cuero, and I kept pretty well up with his whereabouts and doings after I first made his acquaintance in Cuero in 1874, shortly after he came to DeWitt county and attached himself to the Taylor crowd. Jim Taylor was their leader at that time.

John Wesley Hardin had just killed the sheriff of Comanche county, and being a first cousin to Jim Taylor he naturally joined his crowd, well knowing he could bid defiance to all sheriffs in the state with the Taylors at his back. He was a good looking man, quiet and unassuming. In stature he stood about five feet ten inches, weighed about 160 pounds, had brown hair and eyes, and wore whiskers always neatly trimmed. In manners he showed good raising.

My father for many years kept up two cattle ranches, corrals and boarding houses for the cattle shipping trade, the home ranch being located on the Agua Dulce, a tributary to Big Chocolate Bayou twenty miles from Indianola and six miles from Port Lavaca. The other ranch was situated five miles from Indianola. At each ranch there were six or seven large corrals, each having a capacity of holding 500 large steers. When the G. W. T. & P. Railroad reached the present town of Cuero there followed a boom, and the town grew almost overnight. John Swartz, a butcher of Indianola, wanted to go into business there, but did not have sufficient money for the enterprise, and my father agreed to set him up in the butcher business, stipulating that the firm was to be a neutral concern, showing no preference in who they bought their fat beeves and muttons from. The new market proved popular from the very start, and the heavy purchases obliged the butcher to employ herders to take care of the beeves secured as they could not be turned loose on the range.

On the day of Hardin's arival Jim Taylor brought him direct to Hatch & Swartz's market and introduced him to my father, John Swartz and myself. I thought him a fine looking cowboy. He wore goat-skin leggings, white linen shirt, a silk handkerchief in lieu of a collar and cravat, velvet jacket, cowboy shotmade boots, and a silk sash. In this sash he had shoved a naked Colt's 45 pistol, leaving his belt and holster on his saddle. Jim Taylor and Hardin were dressed very much alike with the exception of leggings, Taylor's being heavy leather and better suited for a chase through catclaw thickets when running cattle. I had known Taylor for a number of years, and to know him was to like him—nothing of the desperado in his make-up.

Shortly after this there came into Hardin's life a controlling influence that really worked for good. I refer to his marriage to an excellent woman, who, if I remember rightly, was the daughter of Neil Bowen. I may be mistaken in the identity of this lady, but there is no mistake in the influence she wielded over John Wesley Hardin for his good. While it began in DeWitt county, this influence followed him to Florida, and from there back to Comanche county, Texas, where he received a sentence of twenty-five years in the penitentiary for the killing of the sheriff of that county, and after beginning his sentence at Huntsville that influence was so strong that Hardin professed religion and opened a Bible class among the convicts. He made friends with the penitentiary warden and other prison officials, and proved himself a model prisoner. Sometime after he began serving his sentence a number of desperate convicts planned to overpower the guards and escape, and because of his friendliness to the prison officials Hardin was kept in ignorance of the plot. The plan was to overpower and

kill a certain number of the guards, capture the arsenal, then arm and liberate all long term prisoners. And but for John Wesley Hardin the plan would have been a complete success. As soon as the rush started the convicts siezed guns and began shooting down guards and were rapidly gaining flight when the warden rushed to Hardin's cell and asked him if he would help put down the insurrection. He told the warden to arm him and he would do all he could. They hurried to the attack and began pouring a deadly fire into the convicts and when they saw Hardin with the guards and saw several of their men go down before the accuracy of his aim, they began to weaken and the handful of guards, with Hardin's help drove each surviving criminal back to his cell. When all were safely locked up Hardin surrendered his borrowed gun to the warden and asked to be conducted back to his own cell. Thus he became the hero of the Huntsville penitentiary. The newspapers published accounts of his heroic assistance in suppressing the uprising of the convicts, and many visitors were given permits to interview him. A movement was started to get a pardon for him, prison officials and people on the outside becoming interested in the matter. Petitions were circulated, and the necessary steps were taken. And in the midst of it all a little woman was rejoicing for she realized that her work and her influence had not been in vain. She believed in John Wesley Hardin, and she believed she could reform the man she so dearly loved.

Shortly after he received his pardon and was released from the penitentiary Hardin was admitted to the bar and moved to a border city and engaged in law practice, with what success I am unable to say. I do not know what became of his wife whose influence over him was always for his betterment.

John Wesley Hardin was a most remarkable man. He killed many men, it is true, but he killed them because they hunted him as they would have hunted a wild and dangerous animal. He killed them knowing that if he did not kill they would kill him, and self-defense is the first law of nature. His capture at the time he was arrested and convicted was planned and carried out for two thousand dollars placed on his head. No one was killed at the time of his capture, as has been erroneously reported. And when his earthly career was brought to a sudden end he was shot thorugh the back of the head, and never saw the gun that killed him.

THE TEXAS RANGER
(An Old Song)

Come all ye Texas Rangers, where ever you may be;
I'll tell to you a story of what happened unto me;
My name is nothing extra, so to you I will not tell,
But here's to all good Rangers—I'm sure I wish you well.

When at the age of fifteen years, I joined the royal band,
We marched from San Antonio unto the Rio Grande;
And here the Captain told me—perhaps he thought it right—
"Before you reach the station boy, I'm sure you'll have to fight."

We saw the Indians coming, we heard them give their yell;
My feelings at that moment, no tongue can ever tell;
We saw their painted faces, their arrows 'round us hailed;
My heart, it sank within me, my courage almost failed.

I thought of my old mother, who in tears to me did say:
"To you, they are all strangers, with me you'd better stay."
I thought her weak and childish, and that she did not know,
For I was bent on roaming, and I was bound to go.

We battled full five hours before the fight gave o'er;
Three hundred noble soldiers lay weltering in their gore;
Three hundred noble soldiers as ever trod the West,
Were buried by their comrades—may sweet peace be their rest.

Perhaps, you have a mother, likewise a sister too;
Perhaps, you have a sweetheart, who would weep and mourn for you;
If this shall be your portion, and you feel bound to roam,
I advise you from experience, you'd better stay at home.

Experiences of Mrs. Annie E. Brown.

Written By Mrs. L. Hicks, Tarpley, Texas

I was born in Thibadeauxville, La Fourche Parish, Louisiana, in 1838. My father was a slaveholder and owned an interest in a steamboat company. When I was four years old my mother died, but with the help of servants and my old black "Mammy" nurse, my father kept me until I was seven years old, when he, too, was claimed by death. Then I was taken into the home of my guardian where I grew up with his children. We received our education in the plantation home, having private tutors who taught English, arithmetic, spelling, reading, French and Latin. Public schools in the South at that time were very scarce and poorly attended, most people either keeping tutors or else sending to boarding schools.

When I was 18 years old I was given my portion of my father's estate, and went to live with relatives at Alexandria, La. Here I again took up the study of French and Latin, having finished my other studies in the home of my guardian. Life on the plantations was usually quiet. We had time to read, study, do fancy work, and take recreation. The large plantations placed neighbors several miles apart, yet we would have company perhaps two or three times a week. We traveled on horseback or in carriages. Our amusements were riding, picnicing, dancing, fishing parties and boating.

While at Alexandria I met Mr. Brown and we were married November 25th 1859. At this time Mr. Brown was a clerk in a wholesale house in Shreveport, but growing tired of this work, and the country being in a state of turmoil and on the verge of civil war, we decided to go to California, so we set oue for Austin, Texas, intending to go from there to El Paso, and on to California. We expected to fall in with one of the immigrant trains, as we did not care to make the journey alone. We had converted all of our property into money before leaving home, and traveled to Austin in a light spring wagon. Here we spent a month, when we learned that we could not go to California via El Paso on account of hostile Indians. We then decided to go to Eagle Pass, cross over into Mexico, and follow what was then called the Southern Route, but before we started we learned that we would not be permitted to Mexico unless we carried cotton. Accordingly Mr. Brown bought a wagon and five bales of cotton, and we set out, but when we reached Eagle Pass we were not permitted to cross, so we had to sell our cotton on this side and come back. Two months later we reached Souse Creek, four miles below Castroville, and being worn out with our long journey, Mr. Brown left me to board with a family named Berpert, while he went to San Antonio and engaged in hauling cotton to Eagle Pass. I stayed here four or five months, and when my baby girl was one month old I rented a room from Mr. Christian Santleben and went to housekeeping during Mr. Brown's absence.

One day, while sitting in my room—my baby was on the bed—a strange man suddenly entered and addressed me in German. I replied that I could not speak that language, but would call the lady of the house who would talk to him. He then uttered an oath and said, "I can talk as good English as you." I thought he was drunk, so I went and called Mrs. Santleben, who was sick in bed, and when I told what he said she at once arose and remarked that he must be a crazy man who had been at large. She went into my room and found him standing over my baby with a long knife in his hand. She asked him what he was doing there. His reply was, "My mission in life is to make angels for God." With rare presence of mind, realizing that she had a desperate lunatic to deal with, Mrs. Santleben hastened to say, "You cannot make angels unless you first take the sacrament. Come, and I will give you bread and wine," to which he replied, "That's so," and walked from my room into a hallway adjoining it, and while he was eating what Mrs. Santleben prepared and set before him, Mary Santleben and I took the baby and escaped through a back window and ran into a cornfield and hid. But I could not bear to leave the old lady alone with that crazy man, so giving the baby to Mary, I told her to go to the nearest neighbor for help, and I went back to the house. The man seemed to have forgotten the baby and while he was still eating, Mrs. Santleben and I quiet-

ly left the house and went out on the prairie where we could watch until he left. We were afraid he would set fire to the house. Finally he came out, and catching sight of us, he drew his knife and started running in our direction. We had some distance the start of him and ran our best, dodging behind trees as much as possible. Mrs. Santleben, being old and ill, fell time after time, saying she could go no farther, but each time I helped her up and urged her on. Finally we came to an arroya where we managed to hide, and, not finding us, he went on down the road toward San Antonio. The help we sent for never came. This was during the Civil War and only very old men and young boys were left in the homes, and as there were only two boys at the place where we sent for help they were afraid to come to our assistance, as they knew the crazy man and were afraid of him. We learned later that he reached San Antonio and entered a home while the family was at supper. He turned the table upside down, and announced that his mission "was to make angels for God." These people called in the officers and it took eight of them to conquer him. He was sent back to the insane asylum and I think died there.

After this Mr. Brown took two more loads of cotton to Eagle Pass and brought back dry goods, sugar, coffee, etc., which he sold to the merchants in San Antonio, reserving what we would need ourselves. One day while in San Antonio he was arrested and thrown into the guard house as a deserter from Sibbley's Brigade, when as a matter of fact he knew nothing of this brigade. He had friends who soon secured his release. He then began freighting for the government, to do which he had to purchase a heavy ox-wagon that would carry a certain amount of cotton, and drawn by three yoke of steers. He was to take the cotton to Eagle Pass and bring back supplies for the government. He had never driven oxen before, but started out and managed to get as far as Kincheloe Prairie, somewhere near Sabinal, and camped there, hobbled out his steers and went to sleep. Next morning he hunted his oxen but could not find them, so had to leave his wagon on the prairie. He searched for these oxen about three months, but never found them. After this he came back to Mr. Santleben's and made arrangements for the use of his teams, agreeing to give Mr. Santleben half of his earnings. He continued in this work until the war ended.

While Mr. Brown was at this work I had another fright. We had left Santleben's house and rented a house from a man named Katisky, who had a grown daughter. This girl came to my house one morning and said: "Something dreadful has happened. So bad I cannot tell you." My thoughts naturally turned to Mr. Brown, and I was sure he had been killed. She led me to the door, and a short distance in front of her home I saw the body of a man hanging from a tree. At the sight of this I collapsed. The manner in which she had informed me of the finding of this body caused me to jump to the conclusion that it was my husband hanging there. I was unconscious all day, but next day was told the particulars. We did not learn the dead man's name, but he had charge of a train of negro teamsters going with cotton to Eagle Pass, and was hanged by a vigilance committee that thought he was running his negroes into Mexico to keep from giving them up. I think this was done by Trumbull's committee, but do not believe they were actuated by love of liberty in this instance.

While hunting his oxen out on the Frio river, Mr. Brown became acquainted with a Mr. Woodward, who owned a place on the Medina, eight miles from Castroville. He told Mr. Brown that he could have all he could make on this place if he would stay on it and look after his ranch, so we moved thereto. We were on the main road where large wagon trains passed loaded with sugar, coffee, and other supplies for San Antonio. We often exchanged corn, meat and other products with the teamsters for provisions and dry goods.

Afterward we rented a farm, half and half, with some German boys. Here we planted a corn crop, also a garden—our first garden in Texas. A drouth struck us, and on the 26th of July we cut down our corn for fodder. The next day it rained! The German boys did not cut their corn, and raised a fairly good crop. Disgusted with this venture, and having spent about all the money we had brought with us from the east, we again decided to move, so we went to Devine and "squatted" on a piece of land about two miles from that place. We received a very cold wel-

come to our new home, as the night we arrived there (in January) we had the heaviest snow I have ever seen in Texas. Mr. Brown had to sit up all night and build big log-heap fires to keep us warm. The children and I tried to sleep between two feather beds. Our new home was near that of Capt. "Big Foot" Wallace, who we found to be an excellent neighbor and we soon became fast friends. After we had been here some time Mr. Brown made a trip to San Antonio, returning home one night about 12 o'clock. He had driven a horse and a mule on the trip, and when he reached home he just turned them out. Early the next morning a neighbor came over to borrow a horse to ride, saying he had staked his own horse out and he had gotten away. Mr. Brown went with him to get the horse he had used the night before, and a short distance from the house they found the mule with three arrows sticking in his body. The mule soon died. They never found the horses, for the Indians had taken them away. No other depredations were committed at this time, but later the Indians killed a boy, Isaac Galbreath, who had gone to look after a horse he had staked some distance from his home. His mother heard his screams and ran to him, but he was dead when she got there. The mother stayed with him while her daughter went for help. This daughter is now Mrs. Heath of Hondo.

Some time after this two of our neighbors Mr. Whitley and Mr. McCrey and their two sons, went out on Black Creek hunting. While the boys were away from camp the Indians killed Whitley and McCrey. They were brought to Devine for burial.

Times became very dull, and Mr. Brown hired a negro boy to do the work about the place while he went to San Antonio to seek employment. Failing to secure work there he went to Fort Worth, where he was stricken with typhoid fever. While convalescent he secured a position, started back for the children and I, expecting to move us there to make our home. But while on the road he relapsed and died, and I was left to fight life's battles alone.

I traded the improvements on my claim to Captain Wallace for a pair of fine horses and put the negro boy to freighting, and thus made my living for awhile, but at last the negro married and I could not keep him longer. Then I took boarders, Captain Wallace being one of them. With the money I managed to save from keeping boarders I bought lumber and built a house about four miles above Devine, thinking I would make my home there. I had purchased the land from a lawyer, Russel Howard, of San Antonio, but when I had it surveyed, to my dismay, I found my house stood on land belonging to a man whose heirs lived in France. I tried to trade for this land, but could not do so. However, I planted a cotton crop, but as it was a dry year I raised only a few hundred pounds. Accompanied by my daughter, Mary, and a neighbor's daughter, I took this cotton to Castroville to have it ginned, expecting to make the trip in a day. But I lost the tire and felloes from one of my wagon wheels and was compelled to stay overnight to have it fixed. We started home next morning, and met a party of our neighbors who had become uneasy about our safety, fearing the Indians had killed us.

Discouraged by the drouth and also somewhat frightened by hearing of the finding of two dead men in a pasture near mine, I again determined to move. Mr. Lewis, one of my neighbors who owned all of the land where Devine now stands, had sold out and moved to Bandera county. The family came back and gave me such glowing description of the cool, full flowing streams, fine grass and picturesque mountains, that I decided to go there. Mr. Dave Lewis promised to move my effects, so on November 25th, 1876, we started, with Mr. Lewis and Sharp Whitley driving for us. Again I was greeted by a storm, a Texas "blue norther," accompanied by sleet and ice. We had expected to reach Mr. Lewis' house that night, but were compelled to stop at Barnes Bluff, near the old Rothe ranch, and seek protection from the storm. The men sat up all night to keep up the fires or we might have frozen. The next day we reached Mr. Lewis' home on Williams Creek, in Bandera county. Here we spent a very quiet winter with his family. Soon after we came here Deputy Sheriff Phillips was killed by the Indians at Seco Pass, about four miles from where we were staying. We lived with the Lewis family until spring and having filed on land as a homestead, I felt that I should go and live on it, as the law required it, and over the protest of my neighbors, I took

my son and camped under a large oak tree. While here Grandpa Cazey came and begged me to leave; said he was afraid he would have to come and pick up my bones some day. I replied that if it was to be my fate I would just as soon have him pick them up as anybody, but this was my home and I intended to stay.

When summer had passed I got Grandpa Lewis to take me and my son back to Devine, where I had rented out my place, to get my share of the crops, and while down there I traded that land for a yoke of steers and a big ox-wagon which I knew I could sell when I got back to Bandera county. When I returned I found my neighbors had erected a log cabin for me during my absence. It was not quite finished, the roof not having been put on. About this time Sam Cazey and Jim Lewis prepared to go over on the Sabinal River to make cypress shingles. Sam Cazey asked me to take charge of his place while he was gone, which I did, and spent the winter there, and taught the neighborhood school for three months. I had nine pupils. Most of the neighbors paid tuition in trade or work. Mr. Hudspeth paid money, and Jim Lewis paid me with shingles with which I covered my house and the next spring I moved back to it. The next year a family named Ellis moved into the county. Mrs. Ellis was an invalid, and I was engaged to take care of her. I had done a great deal of nursing but never before for wages. I remained with the Ellis family all summer and in the fall they sold out to Mr. Ross, who in turn sold to Mr. Tucker.

The following spring I was employed at the Maverick ranch, and remained there three years. When the Mavericks sold out, Mrs. Maverick urged me to go to San Antonio with them, and I went there to follow my profession—that of nursing. I secured all I could do, and often had to refuse work for lack of time to do it. I nursed for about thirty years, most of the time in San Antonio. I always nursed under specific directions of a doctor, some of them being old Dr. Cupples, Dr. Ferdinand Herff, Sr., Dr. Adolph Herff, Dr. Barnitz, Dr. Kingsley, Dr. Jones. I made several trips to Boerne to nurse. We went by the old stage coach, leaving San Antonio in the morning, arriving at Leon Springs for dinner at the Aue Hotel, and reaching Boerne sometime in the afternoon. I also went to Kerrville and nursed under Dr. Palmer, who still lives there. In all of my nursing I never lost a patient. I went to Del Rio to nurse a lady, and while there I was in a terrible storm, which wrecked a new Episcopal church and several shacks. The house in which I was staying was badly damaged and my patient was made very ill. In caring for her I dislocated my back, from which I suffered very much, and the injury prevented me from nursing for nearly three years.

While I was in San Antonio I invested $300 in a loan association, which afterwards went broke. Before I returned to my home on Williams Creek, I tried to get my money back, but they refused to pay me. However, with the help of Mr. E. H. Terrell, in whose family I had nursed, I succeeded in getting my money back. After paying my bills there I reached home with about $125, with which I bought lumber and built another house on my place, my daughter and her husband occupying the log house there.

When Mr. E. H. Terrel, of San Antonio, was appointed minister to Belgium by President Harrison, I was engaged to accompany them to Belgium as nurse and companion. Our first stop was at St. Louis, where we spent a week with Mr. George Maverick, a brother to Mrs. Terrell. Then we went on to New York, where we spent two weeks while Mr. Terrell was in Washington getting everything in readiness to assume his duties abroad. As we came to New York our route took us through Johnstown, Pa. As we left Johnstown I remarked that I would not live in that place for all the wealth in the valley. The rest of the party laughed at me, but the first news we heard from America when we landed at Havre, France, was that Johnstown had been swept away by a flood.

I was very seasick while we were crossing the Atlantic. We landed at Havre, and went from there to Paris, where we spent nearly a month waiting for the former minister to finish his work so we could move to the legation. Then we went to Brussels, Belgium, and Mr. Terrell entered upon his duties. Here we remained all of that year and until the summer of the next year, when Mrs. Terrell, the children and I traveled in Switzerland. Our first stop was at

Basle, the "Gateway to Switzerland," where we spent awhile sightseeing. Then Mr. Terrell joined us and we went to Berne, and saw the world famous "Pit of Bears," and also the "Apostles' Clock." From Berne we went to Anterlarkin, a beautiful little city at the foot of the Alps, with a lake on either side. Here we spent two months, and saw a great many wonderfully beautiful sights. Mr. and Mrs. Terrell went everywhere, climbed the Alps, and saw everything, while I kept the children. I made many short trips with them. While here I saw the snow fall in August. When we returned to Brussels Mr. and Mrs. Terrell resumed their official and social duties. I had the care of the children, and remained with them a year and a half longer. Learning that Mr. Terrell was expecting to be transferred to Russia I asked them to release me so I could return home, as I had always entertained a horror of Russia and could not bear to think of going there. So I left my good friends and sailed for home, making the long journey alone without any trouble, except I was very sick as long as I was on the ocean. I was indeed glad to reach old Bandera county once more, and remained here for sometime. Later I went to Eagle Pass to do nursing, and made several trips into Mexico, going to Monclova and Tarreon On one of these trips I was in a railroad wreck, but escaped unhurt.

I returned to Bandera county to take care of my cattle, and follow ranching once more. When I moved up from Devine in 1876 I had two fine horse collars which I traded for a cow and a calf. I gave this cow and calf to my son. I also had a 60lb feather bed which I traded to Jim Lewis for a cow and calf. Mr. Lewis also agreeing to floor my cabin, which up to this time had only a dirt floor. This was in 1877. These cattle had been on my range all these years and had increased so I had to have more range. I purchased a piece of land from Street Hudspeth, and to pay for it and fence it I borrowed $700 from my son. In 1916 he wished to go to Arizona, and needed the money, and I let him have the cattle to pay the debt, and he sold them. It was a very lucky deal all around, as three years of drouth followed, and if we had kept the cattle they would have died of starvation. From the first cow that I ever owned I am sure I have sold $1,000 worth of stock, and I still have one of her descendants, which I am milking today. After paying my son, I was free from debt and had 480 acres of land. For several years I tried farming, and then rented out my land for awhile, but it was unsatisfactory, and I decided to sell out. I sold my original pre-emption, 160 acres on the head of Williams Creek for $950, and in the fall of 1920 I sold the balance of my land, except 74 acres on which I have built a house and cultivate a garden and raise cow feed. I received $10 per acre for the last land sold, and put the money out on interest and the interest is sufficient to keep me in comfort the balance of my days. I live alone from choice, that I may feel free to work when I please, play or read whenever I wish, and do as I like.

I have seen Southwest Texas and Bandera county change from a wilderness to a land of cultured homes; have seen the prairie schooner replaced by the automobile, have lived through the Mexican War, the Civil War, the Spanish-American War, the Philippine War, and the World War, and I hope there will never be another. The pioneer homes here had but few comforts, no luxuries. Their beds were made by driving stakes in the ground and placing split rails across; on this was placed a shuck or feather bed. The women sewed by hand, but I was fortunate in having a sewing machine. We cooked in the open fire-place. I have seen many changes —too mny to mention. I am now 85 years young and I believe I have lived in one of the world's most interesting periods. Through it all I can see the work of the All-Wise, All-Powerful Creator, and I am content.

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John Ware Relates Thrilling Experiences.

By Chas. T. Carlton, Bandera, Texas.

My father, Captain William Ware, who was in the battle of San Jacinto, came from the Cibolo, east of San Antonio to Fort Lincoln, north of D'Hanis, cutting out the road to Utopia.

He landed here August 17, 1852, and I was just thirteen years old. He turned loose his 750 head of cattle and went into camp at what was known for years as Waresville. The next day seven hands went to work cutting board lumber and logs with which to build our house. Within a week the house was up and is still standing. Some of the hands were put to work making rails for the farm and he ordered me and Jeff Mills to look after the cattle, rounding them up every day and driving them back to the home so that they might get used to the location, and in addition we were instructed to look out for Indian signs. The second day, in the morning as I and Mills were rounding up the cattle I saw a bear pacing across the valley and hollowed to Mills: "Yonder goes a bear!" and took after it on my fleet pony and whooping and yelling, and as I neared he took to a tree. Mills hollowed to me to let him shoot it, thinking no doubt, that as I was only thirteen I could not shoot. I told him that I saw that bear first, treed it and that I was going to shoot it and so I shot it out of the tree. After we had dressed the bear he wanted to carry it on his horse, but I said "No, I'll carry it." When we came into camp at twelve the hands were all there ,and Jim Davenport hollowed out as we rode up "there comes Dave Crockett." So I went by the name of Dave for a long time.

We had no women folks with us. My mother had died two years before and we left the girls at Cibolo to go to school. After the work was well started on the ranch, other houses being built, father took me back to Cibolo with him where he stayed until he was ready to return and Henry Robinson and John Davenport came with us. In addition to the party we brought along some milk cows and fifty head of hogs. My father allowed Thompson to live in one of his houses and hired him to build another for himself to live in. Aaron Anglin moved in and he and Thompson, Robinson Uncle John Davenport and Jim Davenport all lived here on my father's place until the next spring. A little while after these families moved in the Indians robbed an emigrant train on the El Paso road east of Sabinal and came up the Sabinal valley. Jim Davenport was out hunting that day and saw one of the Indians and came in and reported what he had seen. My father said they must be followed. When they were getting ready to start after the Indians, I asked my father to let me go along and let Jeff Mills stay in my place. He said, "No John, you are too young to fight Indians." And when I told him I could shoot as well as anybody, and that I had kiled deer, turkey, bear and two panthers, he replied, "Shooting at game is not like shooting at Indians. You would be too careless and they might get you." I knew that it was settled then and said no more. They followed the Indians up to the Divide but did not overtake them. These were the only Indians we encountered that fall.

My father died on March 9th, 1853, and left Bill Davenport, his son in law, as administrator of his estate, and not long after my father died Bill Davenport went back to the Cibolo to a place that my father gave him, and left me and my six sisters at the mercy of everybody. My father had six trusty negroes, all good workers, nd by their help and Aunt Mary's, we fared well enough.

In the fall of 1853 several families moved in, among whom were old Uncle John Davenport and Uncle John Findley, father of my first wife,, and John D. Findley, who was single and married my sister Eliza. Laborn Kelly, Leek Kelly and Cris Kelly, all had families, as well as Jasper Wish, his son-in-law. They all went up and settled where Bob Thompson now lives.

The Indians made a raid one night over there and killed Jack Kelly's horse and carried away all the horses except two, and used the flesh of the one killed. John Davenport and Roll Miller prepared to follow the Indians. I was fourteen years old and no one to control me, and I decided to go along with them. We first went up to where the Indians had stolen the horses and there Leek Kellly and Cris Kelly, the only ones who had horses, Thompson and John Daven-

port and Roll Miller and I took the trail of the Indians.

To our surprise they came down the valley instead of going north, passing within half a mile of where we were living. I asked the crowd to wait there until I went home and told my sisters which way we were going.When I rode over and told them of the expedition they tried to persuade me not to go, saying that I was too young and that I was leaving them alone and without any protection. I told them it was my duty to go and do my part to protect them and defend the country, as I could shoot as well as anybody and besides I would leave Henry, the old negro, and another hired man with them. Aunt Minnie, the old negro woman said, "Children, you had just as well let him go; he is just like his daddy, when he has made up his mind he is going to do it." So I went back to the men who were waiting for me on the trail. We went on down the valley and passed close to Uncle John Findley's. He rode back with me to the trail and we followed on down the Sabinal on the east side to the Crane mountain. As we reached the north side at the foot of the mountin, I was riding in front and saw some buzzards fly up out of a thicket stright ahead of us. There were seven of us and I was only fourteen but Uncle Roll Miller proposed that I be made captain of the company and they elected me unanimously. Cris Kelly said that he would give fifty dollars to anyone who killed the Indian that got his race horse. We advanced to where the buzzards flew up and found some horse flesh that the Indians had dropped. We followed on down to Reinhart Prairie. The whole country was freshly burned and there was no grass left, and just as we got to the prairie a thunder cloud came up from the west and it rained and hailed and as we were in our shirtsleeves we were nearly frozen. After the rain we started on but the trail was obliterated and we could find no trace of it. It was late in the evening and we quit the trail and went back home.

Along about 1857 the Indians came in to old man Thompson's field one night and tried to catch his horses but they got scared before they could catch them. They shot one with an arrow and the others ran to the house and Mr. Thompson let them into a lot. His father-in-law, Wilson O'Bryant, had just come up from Hondo and had a fine yoke of oxen in the field with the horses. The Indians killed both of the oxen and carried them off on their ponies. They went west to the head of Bear Creek where they camped and barbecued the meat. John Leakey happened to be at Thompson's that night and also Delar Webster, Henry Robinson and Sebe Baramore. Thompson, with these men, took the trail next morning, knowing that the Indians would not go far before they would stop to barbecue the meat. They followed the trail up the backbone of the mountain until they came to a thick cedar brake. Here the Indians were lying in ambush and opened fire suddenly, shooting Leaky five times in the breast with arrows, which he pulled out and threw away. They also shot Baramore through the thigh with a rifle ball and a ball grazed his scalp passing through his hat, but the others were unhurt. They backed down the mountain helping Baramore along. Then they came back home and sent word to me and I got on my horse and went to Ranchero Creek where Captain Davenport lived. He had organized a company of minute men of which I was a member. He sent runners to all the men to meet at his house and when they came we took the trail to the battle ground, following down Bear Creek until we struck Main Frio. The Indians crossed the creek and went over on the west side of the Frio and seemed to have stopped on the top of the mountain, as from this point they could see the passing on the El Paso road south of them and that gave them a chance to rob the immigrant trains. Then they crossed the the El Paso road a mile and a half east of Uvalde. As we were crossing the road there R. P. Kelley, a merchant of El Paso was on his way to El Paso with a large train with goods. We told him of the Indian raid. He called his Mexican boss and told him to notify the people of Uvalde and if any of them wanted to go, for them to come down the Leona about a mile below Fort Inge. W. W. Black, of Black & Stratton, J. M. McCormack, county clerk, my brother, R. M. Ware, the sheriff of Uvalde county, overtook us below Fort Inge. We crossed the Leona and went about half way between the Leona and the Nueces. The trail was very difficult to follow as it was very dry weather. We forgot our canteens and went a day and a half

without water, so we turned to the Leona and watered our horses and took the trail again, following a mile below the Westfall ranch, where we came in sight of three mules and two ponies hitched at the edge of the brush. We called a halt and talked over what was best to do next. We could hear the Indians making a noise and knew they were not aware of our approach. After parleying we concluded to leave three men with the horses, as there were sixteen of us. They were Uncle John Findley, Gid Thompson and W. W. Black. Then on foot we started to where the Indians' horses were. We stopped at the edge of the bottom, a hundred yards wide, and here we found a trail cut by the Indians to their camp through prickly pear cactus briars, and it was just wide enough for a man to pass through—a wall on each side. Before entering we had a whispered understanding that Henry Robinson was to take the lead and when he stopped and raised his hand every man was to stop, when he lowered it and started on we followed. Passing through we came to the bank of the river, Robinson in front, Neonan Patterson next, and I next to him. Robinson reached back and caught Patterson by the sleeve and pulled him up by his side. There were two Indians sitting down working on a beaded pocket, one of them had considerable headdress and a few feathers in it and had on a blouse. Robinson whispered to Patterson, "We will both shoot at that Indian, the chief." Both fired, one shooting too low, and broke his thigh, the other higher in the body. At the crack of their guns the other Indian grabbed his bow and quiver and sprang to our left and shot at me. I shot him and he staggered and fell about three steps away. There was no other bullet hole in him. Then Robinson said charge, which we did, swarming out of the trail. Joel Findley, who was next to me, whispered "You got him." Then all began to attack the Indians in the river along the bank, and they were completely surprised and offered little resistance. Captain Davenport, R. P. Kelly, Henry Robinson and myself waded across the river, which was waist deep, to see what we could find. Searching some distance we found where one Indian got away. Coming back we heard an Indian begging for his life. Kelly and I both begged to save him, but the others killed him. We found the supposed chief was a squaw. As we got back Old Dutch Dillard said: "I'll drag John Ware's Indian up by the chief," We thought the supposed chief was dead but as we were passing him I heard someone say to Joel Findley: "Look out there, that old chief will lance you," Joel turned his shotgun on the Indian and tore a hole in her head. We gathered all the horses and a mule and pack and went to Uvalde. There we sold Indians' trinkets at public sale, except two arrows and a shield of the Indian I killed.. These were given to me. I brought them home and shot at the shield a great many time and finally gave it to some eastern man. In this fight we killed seven Indians.

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State of Texas,
County of Bandera,

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the state and county aforesaid, personally appeared J. Marvin Hunter, who having been duly sworn acording to law, deposes and says that he is the owner of the Frontier Times and that the following is to the best of his knowledge and belief a true statement of the ownership, management of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 12, 1912, embodied in section 443 Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse side of this form, to wit.

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, business manager is: Publisher, editor, manager is: J. Marvin Hunter, Bandera, Texas.

2. That the owner is J. Marvin Hunter, Bandera, Texas.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgages, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent of total mortgages or other securities are: None.

J. MARVIN HUNTER.

Sworn to and subscribed to before me this 7th day of April A. D. 1924.

W. S. ETHRIDGE
Notary Public Bandera County, Texas.

When General Houston Chose a Godmother.

D. M. Clower in Dallas News

The oldest living native Texan today is Charles A. Sterne of Palestine. He is in his ninety-fourth year. Mr. Sterne was born in Nacogdoches in the year 1830 and today is quite hale and hearty for his age, and still enjoys a fishing trip.

He boasts of having read the Galveston News almost continuously since 1845, when his father was postmaster at Nacogdoches.

Mr. Sterne at present is the adjutant of the John H. Reagan Camp of Confederate Veterans of Palestine. He has an enviable record of service in the Confederate army. He was a member of Company F. Thirteenth Texas Cavalry, commanded by Colonel John H. Brunet, and was later transferred to Scott Anderson's regiment and made chief quarter-master, where he rendered very valuable service until the end of the war.

He boasts of being the oldest Mason under the jurisdiction of the Grand Lodge of Texas. He was made a Master Mason in Euclid Lodge No. 30 at Rusk, Texas, in 1852. He is also a life member of Galveston Consistory No. 1, Ancient and Accepted Order Scottish Rite of Free Masonary.

Mr. Sterne has held a number of important positions in civil life. He served as trustee and secretary of the Palestine school board for 30 years, resigning only last year. He was also secretary of the board of trade for five years. He served as city secretary for six years, and for 20 years managed and conducted the principal hotel of Palestine. He has 10 children, 37 grandchildren and 35 great grandchildren.

Mr. Sterne delights in telling the following little episode, which is quite interesting to hear, as is also other stories he can tell of Texas:

After the battle of San Jacinto, General Houston being wounded, went to New Orleans to recuperate. After getting well, he came back to Texas, first stopping for a time at San Augustine, and later coming to Nacogdoches, where he called on my father and mother. When he met my mother he embraced her most affectionately, addressing her as "My dear godmother." I witnessed this, but did not comprehend the meaning of it, so my mother explained to me by telling me the following:

"When the call was made to send delegates to Washington among those selected was General Houston. But as it was known he was not a bonafide citizen of the Mexican republic it was necessary for him to become a citizen by joining the Catholic church. Mr. Houston said, 'I am no Catholic, but if I must be one, then I will become one.' So a friend took him to the priest. The priest said, 'Who is your godmother?' My father, who accompanied him, said, 'My wife, and I will go and get her' (notwithstanding the fact that she was a Jewess). So my mother was made General Houston's godmother and Colonel John S. Roberts his godfather. General Rusk said to General Houston that it was customary to present the godmother with a momento of these events. General Houston stepped up to my mother and took her by the hand and said, 'My dear godmother, allow me to place upon your finger this ring, to remind you of this interesting event in the history of my life in which you had an important part. You, for my sake, are requested to wear this ring on the anniversary of my christening and on my birthday. After the battle of San Jacinto my mother added March 2 (The day when Texas 21 to the memorable days. The ring was a beautiful diamond ring and was independence was declared), and April inherited by my sister, Mrs. Rosine Ryan of Houston, Texas."

Mr. Sterne as well as myself opened up a business at Millican, the termination of the Houston and Texas Central Railroad at that time. After the close of the war, and when the railroad was extended on to Bryan we both moved there and became life-long friends. After the railroad was extended on from Bryan Mr. Sterne moved to Palestine, where he had married and lived before the Civil War, and where he still resides today. I went to Comanche and put up a store where the stockmen could get supplies.

Send in Your Sketch.

We would like to receive reminiscent sketches from all of the Texas pioneers. Write your sketch in your own way, giving your experience on the frontier.

Symbols of Force and Peace in History of Texas.

Tomahawks and pistols, foreign treaties and domestic state papers, seals of mighty soverigns and signatures of plain republicans, all snuggle side by side in the vaults of the treasury department at Austin, finally at rest and at peace with each other after the conflict of races out of which the destiny of Texas was fused.

Symbols of force on the one hand and of peace on the other, these implements and papers are part of the historical treasurers to be found in various places in the state capitol.

The pistols and tomahawks were once the property of Stephen F. Austin. They are held in a safe in the treasury vault, but are in control of the state library, which by the law is the depository for all such historical property of the state.

Among the treaties are those between the Republic of Texas and France, Holland and England. They bear signatures of the rulers of those countries and the presidents of Texas. With them is that immortal letter written by Travis from the ill-fated Alamo in which he penned those burning words that have always been a high motto to the sons of Texas, "I shall never surrender nor retreat." The very paper which passed through the fire and the hell of the Alamo is here in this safe.

In other state departments is to be found additional valuable material. Some of it has been taken to the state library on the second floor of the capitol, where it is arranged in order and properly protected. Papers and documents have been gathered from the secretary of state's, the adjutant general's and the comptroller's offices.

One of the most precious of all Texas documents is the original of the Texas Declaration of Independence. Bearing the signatures of the men who carved the fate of Texas from out of the Latin dominion, these frail sheets are preserved in a small tin box in a safe which stands in a vault in the secretary of state's office.

Many documents have been gathered from the basement of the capitol and the various departments and taken to the state library for preservation. Those of most general interest are the ones dealing with military service from 1836 to 1875, including the state police and frontier force; the navy, 1836 to 1845; customs, 1836 to 1845; the financial operations of Toby, Bryan and Hall and McKinney and Williams; letters 1836 to 1875; the general postoffice, the general land office, the state geologist, the Santa Fe expedition, the state engineer, treasurer's reports; Edwin Waller, government agent; sales of lots in Austin and Galveston, 1839; boundary commission, Presideent Sam Houston, Memucan Hunt, pensions, including a list of the men who stormed Bexar in 1835, the begining of the present public school system, various state instructions, railroads and similar material.

The data from the adjutant general's office, has come in at various times. Late accessions came during the biennium of 1910-12 and the bieeium 1918-20, the latter having been selected by Miss Katherine Ellit, archivist. This material consists of muster an payrolls and unassorted papers relating principally to the military history of the state since 1860.

The material transferred from the office of the secretary of state has come in by piecemeal. Part of it was transferred in 1879, principally the collection known as the Nacogdoches archieves, which consists of official papers, mostly in Spanish, of the Spanish and Mexican governments during the period when the Texas was a part of Latin America. This transfer also comprised a number of later papers in English relating to affairs of the republic and state.

Later transfers have brought into the library many important documents of the republic and the state—diplomatic, consular and domestic correspondence, army and navy papers, Indian affairs, drafts of the Declaration of Independence and engrossed copies of the treaties.

Besides these official archieves the library has acquired from time to time a number of valuable historical manuscripts. Among these are the papers of President Lamar, which the libarry is printing; papers of Judge H. Reagon, W. D. Miller, George W. Smyth, Fisher, Wells, Thompson, M. M. Kinney and Gruiterrez de Lara.

There also is a growing collection of transcripts from the archieves of Spain, Mexico and Great Britain.

Incident of Ranger Days.

By Taylor Thompson.

Taylor Thompson, now deceased, was a well known printer, newspaper man, ranger, and Confederate soldier. His series of articles, dealing with his experiences on the frontier, which will appear in this Magazine, will be found very interesting.

In the autumn of 1864, with a squad of thirteen rangers, while scouting to the southwest of San Antonio we struck a fresh Indian trail in the vicinity of what is now Hebronville, a station on the Texas-Mexican railway, though there was no railway there in those days. It was in what became a part of Webb county. The trail led north, the party of Indians, numbering perhaps twenty-five or thirty. They were driving quite a large bunch of stolen horses and as our own horses were fresh and the Indians, who made the trail, had not passed more than three hours when we found it, we started in pursuit in strong hopes of being able to overtake them before they had gone very far. The trail led in a northwesterly direction, passing between Uvalde and Eagle Pass, crossing the main road at a point about equal distance from those two towns, which are sixty miles apart. After crossing the San Antonio and Eagle Pass road the country was entirely unsettled until the settlement around old Fort McKavett was reached. We knew that when the Indians entered this unoccupied territory they would begin to regard themselves as safe from pursuit and would travel liesurely. On the afternoon of the third day on the trail my trailer, old Macedonia Dalgado, declared we were gaining on the party, as the trial became fresher the further we advanced, and as the trail now led in a direction almost exactly north we concluded that the Indians did not intend to cross the Rio Grande into Mexico, but were heading for some of the Comanche fastnesses somewhere on one of the branches of the Concho river.

The Comanche Indians occupied a large scope of territory in that unsettled section, moving their villages from point to point occasionally to their own conscience, as game became scarce in the neighborhood of any one of their villages. The trail we were following passed fifteen or twenty miles west of Fort McKavett, and after crossing the north fork of the San Saba to our surprise the trail divided, one part of the Indians having turned in a westerly course as if heading for the head draws of Devil's river. I should have stated, however, that before reaching the San Saba we had seen where another trail had come into the one we were following, thus increasing the number of Indians ahead of us to perhaps fifty or sixty. I, of course, never knew why they had separated after crossing the San Saba, but supposed that they had become aware that they were being pursued and had separated in order to divide our party,

When we came to the point where the trail divided I and my corporal, Justo Rodriguez, with six men to follow the left hand branch of the trail, while with the other six men I followed the right hand trail. I told Corporal Rodriguez not to proceed on the trail more than three days unless he could overtake them, and when he turned back to return to the point where we had separated and await my coming in case he got there first. The country through which the trail I was following was a rolling prairie country except where the trail crossed one little stream, which streams were usually bordered or fringed with a skirting of timber. I was then unacquainted with the country after crossing the north fork of the San Saba, but I followed the trail there days and at about dusk of the third day stopped for the night in a small mott or grove of timber on an eminence about one mile after having crossed the stream, the name of which I did not know. That night we saw several fires in the direction in which the trail led, which we supposed were the Indian camp fires We had noticed another trail come into the one we were following that day, and I thought probably the two parties of Indians who had separated had come together again and I knew if this was the case that Justo Rodriguez and his party were not far away. By the time it was good light the next morning we were in the saddle and had proceeded ten or fifteen miles when I noticed a mile or more north of us, a skirting of timber, (which I supposed bordered some steam). Where we were it was a bald open prairie, with not a rock or tree in sight save those I have mentioned. I

carried with me in those days a field glass, of which I had come into posession while serving in the Confederate army in Arkansas. By the aid of this glass I closely scanned the country around and presently saw a bunch of fifteen or twenty Indian warriors emerge from the timber coming in our direction. Looking a little to the right I saw another small party riding toward us, and still another a little to the left of the first party coming in our direction. Altogether there were thirty or forty Indians in sight. There were no trees or rocks anywhere near where we could take refuge, and our horses were so jaded that we knew it would be folly to attempt to run. In this emergency we adopted the tactics of Captain Jack Hayes and other noted Texas rangers in similar cases. We dismounted and tied each horse's head to the tail of another horse, and then got inside of the circle of horses thus formed and awaited the attack. We had not long to wait. The three parties of warriors had gotten together and then shouting the war cries and yelling like so many demons they dashed at us at full speed as though intending to ride right over us. When within perhaps 150 yards, however, they began to circle around us, according to their usual tactics, each warrior lying on the opposite side of his horse, with nothing but his foot and leg in the saddle and shooting arrows at us under his horse's neck. Several of our horses were soon wounded with arrows and it was a difficult matter for us inside to keep from being trampled upon by the frantic animals. The Indians evidently had no firearms. Of course, we were shooting at them all this time, but it was a difficult matter to hit an Indian's leg in the saddle when his horse was going at full speed. We succeeded in knocking over several of their horses, however, and then when the rider was on foot, without the body of his horse to protect him, I saw five warriors fall, but as they were quickly picked up by their companions we could not tell whether they were dead or only wounded. After circling around us for perhaps an hour the Indians drew off to some distance out of range of an ordinary rifle and were apparently holding a consultation. There was one warrior mounted on an iron gray horse who appeared to be chief, or at least a man in authority, and he seemed to be harranguing the warriors probably in an effort to induce them to charge directly on our position. I had a Sharpe rifle which would carry 1,000 yards. I am not a good rifle-shot myself, but Miguel Martmores was a crack marksman, and I handed him my gun and told him to kill that man on the gray horse. At the crack of the gun the warrior fell from his horse, and we heard the yells of rage uttered by his companions as they gathered around him, and I had no doubt that he was dead. The Indians hastily moved further away from us, but Miguel picked another one from the saddle with my gun before they had gone far. They did not draw off entirely, however, and presently we saw eight or ten more warriors join the party. About 3 or 4 o'clock in the evening, the entire party mounted their horses and again rode toward us and began circling around us. Miguel Maitmoras continued to use my rifle, and I knocked over several of their horses and after the warrior was on foot he rarely escaped without at least being wounded. The enemy finally drew off again, but seemed determined to lay siege to our position, apparently waiting for the darkness of the night, when they would attack us in force. The sun was getting low in the west when suddenly we heard a yell, and discovered Justo Rodriguez and his party riding toward us at full speed. Four of my men had been slightly wounded with arrows, but none seriously, and as before stated several of our horses were wounded. Macedonia had dressed the wounds of the men and as soon as Justo and his men got to us we hastily mounted our horses and prepared to charge the Indians. Each of my men carried two six-shooters and I knew if we could but get in among them and have a chance to use our pistols at close range we would speedily make a finish of the fight, but alas, the Indians knew this, too, and they did not stand to receive our charge, and our horses were so jaded we could not overtake them. We started, however, to fall back to the last stream we had crossed, which we reached without further molestation, and went into camp for the night.

Then Macedonia and myself bathed the hurts of our wounded companions and did all we could in our power to alleviate their sufferings. We traveled by easy stages the next day, finally reaching a Mexican settlement on the Rio Grande some miles above Eagle Pass,

Relates Interesting Incidents of Early Days.

Hon. A. J. Rose

(Paper read before the Annual Re-union of the Old Settlers Association of Bell County, September 27th, 1902.)

Forty-five years ago the first day of this month (September), I, with my wife and two children, left our home in Missouri for Texas, our conveyance being a mule team. We reached Travis county in the 28th of October. Before leaving Missouri I was told that it was too dry in Texas to farm successfully. I stated to those who had informed me of the aridity of Texas, that it was my intention to find a tract of land which could be irrigated. In January, 1860, I purchased a desirable tract in San Saba county, about fifteen miles above the town of San Saba on the San Saba river. Here I found the place—a little river gushing out of the side of the mountain which afforded all the water I needed, and some to spare. My anticipations were more than realized, as I could raise on an average 75 bushels of corn and 250 bushels of potatoes to the acre. During the war between the states my place acquired the title of little Egypt, due to the fact that people came from far and near for bread and generally found it. Women whose husbands were in the army came for food, and none were ever turned away empty handed, money or no money. I do not say this boastingly. Under an order from the war department, men who had families were placd on frontier service, to protect the women and children from the ravages of the Indians, who were in the custom of visiting this section every moon for the purpose of stealing horses and sometimes cattle, in addition to scalping white men and carrying away women and children. The time allotted me will not permit me to relate but few of the incidents which have come under my personal knowledge during the eight years I lived in San Saba county.

One afternoon a neighbor came galloping up to my house with the information that a band of Indians were rounding up horses on Dry Creek, a few miles north. In a few moments we were mounted and on our way, four or five others joining us. Upon reaching the creek, we noticed that the Indians had disappeared. We took their trail on a run, hoping soon to overtake them. The first thing that we discovered worthy of mention ws a dead man who had just been killed and scalped by the Indians we were pursuing. The man proved to be Beardy Hall, so called from his long beard. Here we gave up the chase, as we were several miles from shelter and it was almost sundown. We removed Hall to his home. At a late hour we reached our home. Then our companies were divided into scouts, and our scout was at once ordered out to watch the passes.

One afternoon we struck camp not far from a lone water hole. Our Lieutenant went out to look for places to station sentinels; two men were sent north, while two were sent south for the purpose of killing a deer. The two who had gone north soon came running into camp with the report that they had seen Indians.

Within a short time we were in pursuit. When we were discovered by the Indians they immediately fled, one Indian leaving his pony. Firing was soon begun by our scouts, as all were anxious for a shot at the marauders. A shot from the weapon of W. Murray broke the foot Indian's neck. After taking a hasty glance at him we renewed the chase and continued it until near sundown. Several of our horses had given out. As we returned to camp we picked up two saddles that the Indians dropped to lighten the load of their ponies. We also found Beardy Hall's hat, which was identified by his son.

At another time my nearest neighbor's son, Ed King, with Captain Williams and two others, were driving cattle. Williams and King were both killed and scalped by the Indians.

On February 5, 1865, Mr. Todd of Mason, his wife, daughter and a negro girl were out on horseback. A bunch of Indians atacked them. Todd's horse became unruly, broke the bridle an d ran away with him. When he finally regained control of his horse and returned to the scene of the attack, he found his wife mortally wounded, his daughter gone and the negro dead. The Indians were also gone. This news reached us the following day. Our scout went out, as did others, to watch the different

passes, hoping to recapture the girl, but she was not found.

Ben Lynn, a neighbor, with some other neighbors, were out near my house gathering up cattle, Lynn was shot by the Indians with an arrow, which killed him.

One evening after dark, in January, 1865, one of the scouts came to my home to tell me that the trail of a large bunch of horses had been discovered that evening going up Richland creek. It was decided that we would meet at Richland Springs the following morning to follow them. It was fully believed that the trail was made by Indians on the war-path. Arriving at the springs we learned that the Indians had spent the night several miles below on the creek. Our course lay north for about two miles, where we struck the trail, thence west. The trail appeared so fresh that we thought we would soon overtake them, but darkness came and no Indians were yet in sight. We camped on the trail with no water. It was very cold, as it was the first night after a seventy-two-hour old-time norther. Daybreak found us going in the direction indicated by the trail. About 9 o'clock in the morning we saw smoke, horses and Indians. We made a run toward the smoke. Five Indians had their ponies tied near the fire; four mounted their ponies, while the foot Indian led on the start but soon fell behind. Many shots were fired, but the foot Indian was the only one we killed. We captured 73 head of horses and delivered them to the owner in Lampasas county. The next scout found eight more horses that we failed to find. Two of our men were slightly wounded.

In January, 1868, Will Miller and A. W. Morrow, from McCulloch county, purchased corn from me, a portion of which I ground into meal for them. On the morning of the 17th, a very cloudy and damp morning, they started very early for their homes. Soon after their departure, James Sutton and I started out on the same road. After crossing the San Saba river we bore to the right. We were in search of hogs. About two miles out we heard the report of a gun or pistol. I called Sutton's attention to it, being impressed that there was something wrong. We soon heard another report of a gun, and Sutton remarked that in all likelihood some one wanted to reload, as the morning was very damp. I became uneasy. At this time one of our dogs startled a deer, and we ran up to the top of a high peak, thinking that the hogs would take fright at the noise of the dogs and we might discover those we were looking for. While scanning the surrounding country from the peak, we heard voices and soon discovered two men on horseback. It still being quite dark, we were not certain who the men were, but we proceeded toward them. They proved to be two of my neighbors, Sloan and Armantrout, whom my wife had sent in haste in search of us, news having reached her soon after we left home that there were sixteen Indians about two miles above us near the river and that a scout was being hurriedly raised and would meet at Dorans, about three miles above my home. We hurried to Dorans to find that the scout had passed up the river, and we pushed on after them. On reaching the valley between the San Saba River and Brady's Creek, Sutton dismounted, saying as he did so, "Here is where they had it." He picked up an arrow, and we found another sticking in a mesquite bush. Further on we discovered wagon tracks, while still further on a pair of stretchers and lead harness. Following the wagon track some distance we found the wagon in a deep ravine, with a great deal of blood and some arrows in the wagon. This explained the reports of the firearms that Sutton and I heard early in the morning. After trailing around to find the directions in which the wheel horses had gone, we soon came to the conclusion that the scout had found the wounded or dead men, and were returning home with them, so we hastened back as far as Doran's. No one had been there since we had left. I ran down home to let our families hear from us and to get a horse and gun, as I was riding a mule and only had a six-shooter. Armantrout went with me and remained at home. Sutton, Sloan and I hurried back to the wagon and began to search for Morrow and Miller, as we were confident that they were in some thicket not far off and needed assistance. Darkness came on and we had failed in our efforts to find them. We then decided to return home, which was about seven miles, and to renew our search for the missing men the next morning, which we did.

The scout in the meanwhile had passed the abandoned wagon, but pushed on

after the Indians. But they eventually returned to Brady's at a late hour in the night, having failed to get any trace of the fleeing Indians. The following morning a man, desperately wounded, was discovered walking on the ridge between the river and the valley referred to. It proved to be Morrow, with his boot full of water, looking for Miller. The two men, after their running fight with the Indians, had secreted themselves in a cedar brake. Both were badly wounded, and Morrow had gone down to the river in search of water. Miller received twenty-thre arrow wounds and Morrow twenty. I hastened for help to take home the wounded men. Miller had to be carried in a blanket. My wife prepared something for the suffering men to eat, as well as some bedding, while I was harnessing my team. We sent men on to inform their families. We reached the home of Miller's brother-in-law at dark After putting the wounded away, and eating supper, Sutton and I started for our homes, reaching there at a very late hour in the night, relieving the anxieties of our wives and children.

Perhaps no more desperate and successful fight with the Indians ever occurred than that put up by Miller and Morrow. They had but a pistol each and Miller lost his pistol early in the battle. Morrow quite certain that he killed five of the Indians. It was a running fight of over two miles.

The Capture of Mrs. Wilson.

In the spring of 1853 a party of immigrants started from Northeast Texas overland to California. There were ten or twelve men, one lady and two little boys, aged ten and twelve years. The lady, Mrs. Wilson, was a young bride, formerly Miss Jane Howard, born in Missouri but reared in Texas. The little boys, Hugh and ——, were brothers of her husband, whose father, Mr. Wilson, Sr., was also in the party.

The only satisfactory account of the trip was recently furnished me by Mr. A. A. Pittuck, a worthy, intelligent and honorable employee of Texas Farm and Ranch, who was on the plains about the same time in a party of about 100 gold hunters. He kindly furnished me the facts in regard to the emigrant party as he gathered them at the time

I wrote Gov. Merriwether, now nearly ninety years old, but with vigorous mind, on the 31st of December for his recollection of the facts. He replied to me on the 18th of January (present) 1889) a very full account. From all the sources of information, I condense the more material facts.

The party traveled without serious adventure until they reached the Guadalupe mountains, where, at night, a portion of their horses were stolen by Indians. The men, eight or ten in number, pursued them next morning, were ambushed and all killed except a man named Hart, who escaped slaughter, and reached the camp to inform the young bride that her husband and his father were among the slain. Those left were Mrs. Wilson, the two little boys, a Mexican, a German teamster and Mr. Hart. They proceeded on to El Paso and after a short stay, started back. About fifty miles before reaching Ft. Phantom Hlll, considering it safe to do so, Mr. Hart left them and proceeded on to the settlements. On the following day the party consisting of Mrs. Wilson, Hugh Wilson and his brother, the German and the Mexican were suddenly assaulted by fifteen Comanches. The Mexican was killed; the German was scalped and left as dead, but revived, reached Phantom Hill and recovered. The lady, with the boys, and all the portable effects, were carried off.

From the letter of Governor Merriwether I am enabled to give a succinct account of the subsequent fate of Mrs. Wilson:

She was treated with great brutality by the brutal savages, who traveled over the plains and finally along a trail for two or three weeks. She was compelled repeatedly to mount wild horses or mules and as often thrown to the ground, greatly to the delight of the wild brutes. Finally, they compelled her to walk until, by continuous ill treatment, she was greatly weakened. On arriving at a spring, on the borders of a desert, they killed wild game in some quantity and compelled her to cook the meat for a three days' trip over the waste before them. Allowed her to prepare some for herself and told her to start ahead on the trail before daylight. In gathering wood not far from the spring she had

discovered a stump of a large cottonwood tree seven or eight feet high, and in stripping the bark from it, found that it was hollow. Starting quite early on the trail she traversed about three miles; then coming to a locality covered with tall grass, she determined to make an effort to escape. She entered the grass, made quite a circuit and concealed herself. When deemed safe she sought and found the hollow stump, climbed to its top and entered it retaining the meat she had cooked. The presumption is that the Indians started after daylight, traveled many miles before they realized that she had escaped and probably made no pursuit. She remained in the stump by day and went to the spring at night till her meat was exhausted. Then she found food in the raw flesh of a few frogs about the spring, two or three terrapins, besides a snake, of course without cooking, as she had no means of making a fire. So she remained until weakened by starvation, she found herself unable to get out of the stump. In that hopeless and perishing condition, she remained three days, when she discovered through a whole in her prison, five men at the spring, who proved to be Pueblo Indians. She tried to call to them but her voice was too weak. After a time, one of the men, seeking fuel approached quite near, when she feebly called to him. He fled in terror telling his friends at the spring that the devil was in the stump. The whole party, under arms, surrounded it, and after due consideration, discovered and rescued her. They had to carry her in their arms. Their kind treatment soon revived her. But they remained with her five or six days. They were seeking the Comanches for trade and left her with a small supply of provisions, a gourd of water and a blanket for cover at night, saying they would return in three or four days and take her home with them. But they were gone nine days and on returning found her again in a perishing condition. It was two or three days before they could move her and then she was placed on an Indian "drag litter" made of two poles fastened on either side of a horse at one end while the other ends dragged on the ground. Between the poles behind the horse, an inclined couch was made of buffalo robes, and on that for six days, she was transported until they arrived at their village Her captors had denuded her of nearly all her clothing and had brutally beaten her with stripes. She was also barefooted.

A detachment of United States dragoons under a Lieutenant whose name is said to have been Adams and whose wife was in the party, passed the village on a hurried march, and being unable to take Mrs. Wilson along, advised the chief to notify Governor Merriwether at Santa Fe. Mrs. Adams gave her a dress and such articles as she could spare. On being informed, Governor Merriwether, (I quote from his letter to me) says:

"I sent my son, Raymond, with two horses, back with the Indian messenger, to convey the white woman (for he did not know her name) to Santa Fe. On her arrival she presented the most pitiful spectacle I had ever seen. She was in rags, emanciated, and her mind somewhat disordered. I sent for Mrs. Smith, the wife of the Baptist missionary, and requested her to go to the store of Webb & Kingsbury and get whatever she needed. After being comfortably clothed and cared for her mind soon resumed its natual bightness and then, at different times, she repeated to me the story of her life and sufferings, as I communicate them to you. Her back and shoulders were still sore from the blows of her savage captors. I expended nearly $300 for her relief and in the spring of 1854 sent her to Texas. The United States at first refused to allow my account, including $50 paid to her rescuers, but finally paid it. Hearing of this refusal Governor Pease sent me a check for the amount, but at that time the government had allowed my account and I returned the check to him."

Governor Pease acted under a special act of Feb. 4, 1854, appropriating $5,000 for the rescue of captives among the Indians, specially authorizing the governor to use "so much as might be necessary to restore Mrs. Jane Wilson, now in the town of Santa Fe, to home and friends."

Mrs. Wilson safely arrived in Texas but I am unable to speak of her subsequently. Several years after their capture, little Hugh Wilson and his brother, through what instrumentality I have been unable to learn, were returned to civilization and were among their kindred in Hunt county.

(Editor's Note:—The above sketch was written nearly 50 years ago, but the name of the writer is unknown to us.)

The Battle of Dove Creek.

Written in 1911 by Judge I. D. Ferguson, Denton, Texas

In the winter of 1864, a part of McCord's regiment under the command of Col. J.B. Barry, was stationed on the frontiers with head-quarters at old Fort Belknap. That fall the Indians in large numbers had broken up the settlements from Fort Murry down to Belknap. Some time in the month of December, 1864 news reached headquarters that Capt. Jack Curenton of Palo Pinto county, with his company of frontier scouts, had discovered a large deserted Indian camp in the big shinnery on the Clear Fork of the Brazos in Jones County, near old Fort Phantom Hill. The supposed number from estimates made by Curenton, was about five thousand Indians. The conclusion was reached from the facts obtained; that it was the Kiowas, and that they were wintering in Texas with a view of swooping down on the settlements again in the spring. Col. Barry determined to organize a strong force, with portions of Rowland's, Cook's, Foycett's, White's, Thompson's and Whiteside's companies, to he re-enforced by Capt. Jack Curenton's company and 400 militia from Erath, Brown, Comanche and Parker counties under the command of Capt. Totten; ard the whole force placed under the command of Capt. John Foycett of Camp Colorado. The various companies when concentrated, would number 600 fighting men. A caravan of pack mules sufficient to carry provisions and amunition to supply the command for a month was also organized.

It was a wild and uninhabited country without roads, and wagons could not be used for a trip of this kind. Barry's men concentrated at Camp Colorado; marching from there to overtake Capt. Curenton, who had trailed the Indians from Phantom Hill, an old deserted fortification on a hill on the west side ofthe Clear Fork,lying in ruins surrounded with an old dry mot overgrown with weeds. The houses were all gone, except two stone buildings, a number of stone chimneys were standing. It was a picture of desolation and ruin; to the north I could see a dark gray streak of brush stretching to the west as far as the eye could see. This was Big Shinnery where Capt. Curenton had discovered the Indian camp. The country was populated only with buffalo, wolves and prairie dogs. We camped here for the night, and as far as the eye could see the prairie was black with buffalo, but we were not allowed to fire a gun at anything. The wolves surrounded our camp that night and kept up a continuous howl and several times during the night we chunked them out of our camp with firebrands. Away to the west we could see a rugged high mountain peak tinged with red from the setting sun with a smoky haze toward the base. The next day we took up the march and used this mountain as a guide, traveling toward it all day; in the afternoon a cold dry north wind blew up and before night it was extremely cold; we reached the mountain about sundown, and selected a deep canyon to shelter us from the wind, gathering dead cedar for firewood. Before day the wind lulled, and the storm was over, and we pursued our journey toward Fort Chadbourne. On arriving at Fort Chadbourne we found Capt. Cureton and his company awaiting our arrival. Fort Chadbourne is a beautiful place, or was at that time; it had been occupied at the commencement of the civil war by the United States troops under the command of Maj. George H. Thomas, afterwards Gen. Thomas of the federal army. The barracks and buildings were in good state of preservation with white walls, surrounded with a large grove of evergreen live oaks. The whole place was standing in dumb silence; not an inhabitant in two hundred miles from it; the owl and the bat were the only things to seek shelter from the storm. We learned fr m Capt. Cureton that five miles above on the Colorado river he had found another deserted Indian village where they had been camped for a considerable time, but had gone west. We waited a day here for the militia to overtake us but they did not appear, and we moved on to the Indian town that Cureton had found. Before reaching the village, we struck the trail where they had traveled; it was from fifty to sixty yards wide, where their numerous herds had cut up the ground. It was not long until we came to the town along the banks of the Colorado. The village had been constructed out of willow poles cut from willow groves along the bank of the stream; the butt end had been sharpened and stuck

in the ground and the upper ends bent over, lapped and tied like wagon bows; forming in this way a wigwam house; they had been covered with buffalo hides. When they moved from the village they took the covers with them, leaving the frame work standing. We counted in the village 375 houses or wigwams, and from this number of houses, we estimated their number. We were permitted to break ranks and examine the village; the town was nearly a half mile long; the ground was white with deer hair, where they had been dressing hides; deer heads, bear heads and buffalo's feet; all kinds of wild game had been killed and carried to camp, showing that they had stayed at this place two or three weeks. After about an hour, the bugler gave the call to fall in line, nd we crossed the river and followed the trail, and coming to some very rugged mountains, we had great trouble in getting the heavy pack animals up the steep sides, but finally succeeded in doing so. After reaching the top of the mountains, we traveled all day on a high level plain covered with buffalo and prairie dogs; camping at night in a deep canyon with a high cliff of rocks overhanging our camp ground. This cliff was covered with thousands of birds nests, built of mud and stuck to the side of the rock like mud-daubers nests. The next day we reached the North Fork of the Concho river; a beautiful stream of clear running water with a rapid current dashing over flint rocks and pouring over beaver dams in miniature falls. This stream was fringed on either side with pecan timber and brush. Here we found another deserted Indian village; everything indicated that it had not been long since they left it. We counted the wigwams in this village and found about 500, much larger than the ones we saw on the Colorado river. We also found where they had blazed a tree with an ax, and made a target, and had been at target practice with their guns; this proved that they were armed with firearms and were splendid shots. We were unable to determine what tribe they were, as the Comanches and Kiowas did not build their wigwams like the ones we found in the villages. Our best estimate was, that there must be at least 5,000 Indians in the party we were following. The Indians had gone west, and were probably at that time somewhere on the middle fork of the Concho, or some of its tributaries, and it was decided to go into camp here and wait for Tottn's militia to overtake us. Capt. Foycett sent forward eight experienced scouts, under Capt. Mulkey to locate the Indians and report back to him on the North Concho where we intended to stay until they returned.

We pitched our camp two miles below the Indian village on the west or south side of the river, at the Ranger Spring where Water Valley now stands. Here we stayed for six days waiting for the militia to come up, and the scouts to return; neither put in an appearance at the end of the week. Feeling uneasy for the safety of the scouts, and losing confidence in the coming of Totten, Capt. Foycett posted the following notice in the camp on trees so it could be easily found:

Headquarters, North Concho,
Jan. 7, 1865

Capt. Totten, Com. State Militia,

Dear Sir:—Having waited on the North Concho for six days to enable you to overtake this command, we go forward this morning on the trail of the Indians. We will probably camp on the middle fork of the Concho tonight; your assistance is greatly needed; make all haste to overtake us; my scouts have not been heard from for the past week; I fear they have been killed.

JOHN FOYCETT, Commanding.

We moved out on the march posting the above notice on several trees so that Totten's men would be sure to find it. The trail of the Indians was easy to follow as you could travel it by night. Along up in the day about ten o'clock we could see across the prairie, away off from us, men coming toward us, and by the aid of a field glass we could tell it was white men; it was our scouts returning. When they got to us, they brought the news that they had found the Indians; that they were about forty-five or fifty miles from there, camped on Dove Creek, a tributary of the South Concho river; that there were about 4,000 of them, including their women and children; that they had from six to seven thousand head of horses; they were camped in a large grove of brush and timber about one half mile through it, in the forks of Dove Creek and another small creek that ran into it; that on this side of their camp was a high mountain peak overlooking

their camp. They said that they had hid in the brush for two days and nights, and watched them; and that they had crept in near the Indian camp at night and tried to count their fires and if possible, find out what tribe they were, but could not tell. The scouts said that the Indians herded their stock up the creek from their camp every day; and would round them up and drive to camp at night. From the information brought us by the scouts we believed that we could whip them and capture all their horses without the aid of Totten's militia and determined to go on to the middle fork of the Concho and shoot off our guns, clean them up, and reload, and prepare for the fight, and then go in the night and reach the Indian camp before day, and attack them just at dawn; divide our force in two parts, one attack them from the lower part of their camp, and the other to attack them from above, capture their horses and make easy work of it by taking them by surprise. We went on to the Middle Concho, camped, and was making all preparations for the fight; yhen all at once three men rode into our camp; they were Capt. Barnes, Capt. Collier, and Capt. Gillentine of Totten's command; they had reached our old camp on the North Concho, got Foycett's note, and had been sent ahead by Totten to tell us to wait for him on the Middle Concho. We sent them back to hurry Totten up; and to inform him of all our plans for the battle, and to inform him that we could travel all night and wait for him one mile this side of the Indian camp, and also sent back one of the scouts that had located the Indians, to guide his command, and that he could come on, and form a junction with us just before day at the place selected. Everything being arranged, we moved on late that evening and traveled all night arriving at the place of rendezvous about two o'clock in the morning. Here we dismounted and held our horses in a deep hollow in a grove of timber, and waited for Totten to come up with his command. We waited until dawn of day, the hour fixed fixed for the battle to begin, and Totten did not come, and waited until daylight and finally we saw them coming across the prairie in a long black line nearly a mile long. The "flop-eared" militia as we called them, were armed with all kinds of fire arms; shot-guns, squirrel rifles, some muskets and pistols. They marched up on our left and halted. Capt. Foycett held a short conversation with Capt. Totten and arranged to have him march his command to the left of the mountain peak that overlooked the Indian camp, and attack them on the lower side of the camp. Foycett was to march to the right of the peak, charge down above their camp, and cut off the Indian herd of horses, capture them, turn them over in charge of Capt. Curenton and four Tonk Indians that we had with us, and then turn down the hill for the work before us; a strange anxious feeling came over all of us, intermingled with sadness and dread. We knew that some of us would be killed; but at the same time we thought it would be the other fellow. Jim Gibson, my mess mate, was the only man in our company that predicted his own death. His prediction was fulfilled; he was killed in the fight. I was riding near the head of the column, but we were ordered to form in columns of four; this gave me a position at the head, and a fair view of the Indian camp and their herd of horses as we reached the crest of the ridge. The Indian's horse herders discovered us coming over the ridge, and rounded up their herd and started them in full run for the camp; we raised a yell, and spurred our horses in a full run to cut them off before they reached the brush; we succeeded and captured the herd just as they got up to the edge of the brush, north of the Indian camp. The horse herders, fifteen in number, jumped off their horses and ran for the brush to hide. Our men commenced to shoot them as they came to them, and in less time than it takes to tell it, every Indian had been killed that was with the herd. I was mad at my bad luck not to get to kill an Indian and thought that they would all be killed and I would not get a shot at them. Just as the herd was turned over to Capt. Curenton to take care of, some one said that the militia down below the camp was dismounting to go into the Indian camp to attack them. Capt. Foycett ordered Lieut. Brooks to take seventy-five men, go around on the south side of the camp and cut the Indians off if they attempted to escape to the south. It was my good luck to go with him; we went in a gallop around the edge of the brush,, and reached our position on a steep hill-side, where we could look right down on the camp and see the whole party of Indians. There were hundreds of them, and just as we

got in position to head them off, the militia charged into their camp and fired on them with shot guns. Such screaming and yelling of Indians and barking of dogs as occurred there can not be described. The Indian men, some 400 or 500, with their guns were lying behind a bank in the weeds, not over twenty yards from the militia where they entered the camp. Just as the militia filed into the open camp, the Indians fired on them killing Capt. Barns, Capt. Collier, and Capt. Gillentine, and sixteen other men; wounding several others.

The militia was thrown into panic and fled like stampeded cattle out of the camp with about one hundred Indians pursuing them, and drove them clear off the field of battle and their officers never could rally them and get them back any more. Brooks ordered us to dismount and one man to hold twelve horses and the dismounted men were to charge down on the Indians and attack them. This was being done at the time the militia was in the Indian camp firing at the Indians. We had gotten down half way to where the Indians were concealed in the weeds when they discovered us, and opned fire, and drove us back up the hill to our horses, and we were in the act of remounting, they shot twelve of our horses dead in one pile where they had been grouped to be held. They shot my horse through the jaw and mouth just as I was getting on him. By this time the militia was in full retreat, as above stated. Brooks becoming convinced that the Indians were not going to escape at this point ordered all the men who had their horses killed, to get up behind others. The order was willingly obeyed, and we hastened back and rejoined the rest of our command.

I had by this time learned that the boys had not killed all the Indians, that there were plenty of them left for me to kill, and I had all day in which to do it. When we rejoined Foycett, I was in a very good humor, and, as well as I remember, I stayed so for the rest of the day. I had all the killing I could attend to, and would have been glad to have turned the job over to some one else, but every man I saw, had a like business of his own, so I had to try and hold my job down the very best I could. Dove Creek was on our left as we faced the Indian camp to the south, and on our right was another small creek which emptied into Dove Creek below the Indian camp. The grove of timber and brush where the Indians were, was near and just above the junction of the two streams, which formed a "V." We occupied a position on the ridge between the two creeks; there were a number of live-oak trees and three or four live oak groves on the ridge that we occupied. Capt. Curenton with his small company, about one thousand yards north of our line of battle, held the Indian herd during the day.

Being between the two creeks, the Indians would go up the creeks, both on our right and left, and cross-fire on us. We had to leave a small force to hold our center, and divide the rest of the command into two bodies, one under Lieut. Giddian of our company, to keep the Indians from passing up the channel of Dove creek, and overlapping our left. The other under Lieut. J. R. Brooks, of Whiteside's company, to guard our right and keep them from passing up the channel of the other creek and overlap our right, hence the principal fighting during the day was along the banks of the two streams.

It was a constant clash of fire arms all day, until about two o'clock in the evening, the Indians in front along Dove Creek began to retire and fall back toward their camp, leaving seventy or eighty sharp shooters to keep us busy. In a very short time, Capt. Foycett sent our lieutenant word that the Indians in a large force had outnumbered Brooks and had forced their way around our fight, and to send him every man he could spare. We could hear the firing, as it was not over 800 yards over the ridge; it was heavy and continuous. Thirty-five of us left in a lope, reaching our center under the command of Porter and Campbell, where we found Capt. Foycett organizing a force to help Brooks. By this time the brave little Lieut. Brooks had been driven out of his position in a live oak grove which he had held up to that time, and was falling back to our center to keep from being surrounded by the Indians. Brooks rallied his men and formed them with the force Foycett collected, charged the Indians, and recovered the lost position. The Indians bravely held their ground until we were in twenty steps of them, then they broke away in confusion and fled to their camps, pursued by Foycett and Brooks until we were in a hundred

yards of their camps. We then halted, as the Indians were coming out in large nmbers to check our advance. Bill Bowland had been severely wounded, and myself and Dave Argo were ordered to carry him to the hospital camp four or five hundred yards in the rear at a large live-oak grove on a hill. When we got there with him I was surprised to see the number of men that had been wounded; I counted thirty-five wounded lying in the shade of the trees. I had seen two men shot when I was with Brooks early that morning, and had seen Louis Willey killed and Bill Bowland, and a man by name of Bailey wounded; outside of those I did not know of any other casualties in our command until I went to the hospital camp; (except the militia that was killed early that morning.) I found one of our company, Mr. Miles Bond, at the hospital and he wanted to remount me on an Indian horse from the herd, as he saw my horse was wounded and bleeding at the mouth and getting weak, but I would not consent as I had one of the best horses in the command and thought he would get well. Mr. Bond had been ordered to furnish horses from the Indian herd to those who had lost horses in the fight. We had been fighting all day, losing horses and men, and the militia never returned to help us after they fled from the field in the morning. Capt. Totten was not to blame for he could not rally the men after their bloody loss in that desperate charge that morning. Capt. Foycett, Capt. Curenton, and all the other officers realized that we were outnumbered five to one; that the Indians were better armed than we were, and by this time we had learned that we were fighting Kickapoos and other tribes going to old Mexico.

We learned this about three o'clock p. m. by capturing an Indian and two little Indian boys. "Bud" Clark, now living in San Angelo, was the captor of this Indian and two little boys. The only thing now to be done, was to hold our own and fight until we could get darkness to cover our retreat. Those who had lost horses must all be remounted. The wounded must be carried off; they were to all be placed on horses and carried away with us, those who could ride alone must do so; the severely wounded ones must be tied on horses and some man lead the wounded man's horse; and all to be placed under a strong protecting guard and carried ahead of the retreating column. Capt. Cureton was to drive away the Indian herd of horses so that they could not get a remount to follow us. The Indians had only eighty-four men mounted, and we had their stock, so they could not mount any more men. By this means we thought we could make sure of our escape by waiting until late in the evening and have darkness come on us after we got under way. A force was organized of Rowland's company and Whiteside's Company as a rear guard to look after the eighty four mounted Indians, and to protect the rear of our column on the retreat. Lieut. Giddian comanding the rear guard having received a mortal wound, the command was turned over to Sergeant R. C. Porter. Everything was carrid out and the wounded were moved to the Indian herd, then a mile to our rear.

We commenced to withdraw when the sun was about half an hour high in the evening. The herd and wounded, under Curenton, moved first east to cross Dove Creek, the command with Foycett moving between the herd and wounded, and the Indians. The rear guard remained on the battle field until the command was well under way, fighting the mounted Indians continuously, holding them back; all the foot Indians ceased firing and disappeared. The mounted Indians began to move in the direction of the place on Dove Creek where the herd and command was aiming to cross, our rear guard moving parallel with them, to hold them back. The fighting soon became hot as we advanced but the Indians shots went wild over our heads, doing but little damage.

Just as the command reached Dove Creek, they were fired on by a large body of Indians on foot, that had crept up the channel of the creek and had concealed themselves in the brush. The fire was very heavy and destructive, throwing our whole command in confusion and disorder. Every man available was required to hold the Indians in check until the wounded could be carried out of danger. The herd of Indian horses had to be abandoned, as we could not hold them against the heavy force brought against us, and the mounted Indians dashed in and recaptured the stock.

After getting over Dove Creek we fell back in great disorder to a long dry branch where we made a stand, and we stayed long enough to move the wound-

ed men ahead out of danger, and kept moving them forward. Finally the Indians drove us again from this place and the rout from this branch became a wild panic like that of stampeded cattle. Order could not be restored; officers seemed to lose control over their companies; they yelled themselves hoarse trying to get the men to halt and make a fight and drive the Indians back; men on wounded horses begun to drop in the rear, soon to be overtaken and killed. Among the number was Jim Gibson of our company, and myself. Both of our horses had been wounded. It was but a very short time until Mr. Gibson was killed, and it appeared that I was to be the next in order as it did not seem possible that I could escape death. I was getting far behind the retreating column and the Indians were getting close to me. A stream of singing bullets clipping my clothing, the air seemed alive with flying lead. My hopes had fled, and I became resigned to my fate. All fear and excitement passed away with my hope of safety and left a train of thoughts passing through my mind faster than the speed of time; I wondered how I would feel when the deadly missle came crashing through my brain. I thought of home, and what the people would say about me when I was gone; I imagined that after death, the wolves would sneak up and gnaw my bones, and the wild buffalo would click their hoofs against my dry skull and scare the crickets out of my eye sockets where they had hid away to sing their evening songs. I thought it would be better for me to be killed, as I was only a boy, and had no cares of my own nor none to care for me. That it would better be me than those who had no familes to care for.

Just as these thoughts were trooping through my brain, I saw the panic stricken column checking up and a little man wheel his horse and with a loud voice say, "Here boys, here, follow me, let us save that boy's life!" It was J. O. Alexander of our company, God bless his noble name; to him I owe my life. He came charging back, followed by our own company and also Foycett's company, with the old gray headed commander leading them; and in a minute the whole command had rallied and were coming flying back, screaming and shooting as they came. They drove the Indians back and we planted ourselves on a ridge of prairie to stand and fight till every man was dead. We held up our hands and all took an oath that we would stay there as long as a man was alive, and that there would be no more running away. Even the wounded men came back and took the oath to die with us.

It was now sun down, and the Indians had surrounded us, shooting at us from nearly every direction. We held them at bay, and did some splendid shooting, killing many of them. It was soon dark, and the firing stopped, the Indians withdrew, and we put ourselves in order of march and fell back on Spring Creek, eight miles from the battle ground.

After passing the divide between Dove and Spring Creek, we could see numerous camp fires on Spring Creek. Scouts were sent forward to see if it was the militia or an Indian camp. They reported back that it was Totten's militia and we then moved on more freely, and feeling that we would not be pursued. The men that were not carrying the wounded went forward; the rear guard to which I belonged was the last to get in. My horse had bled so much that he was weak and staggering and I walked and led him. When I got up close I was halted by the guard line that had been thrown around the camp. The camps were nearly a mile long on the creek in the edge of the brush. I was asked what command I belonged too. I told them I belonged to Company C, Barry's Rangers; the guards said, "Go to the lower end of the camp, your regiment is going into camp below." As I walked along the edge of the brush, I would stop and listen if I could hear any voice that I could recognize as being of our company, and pushing my way through the brush to the camp fire, a oice hallooed out: "Here he is!" They had been discussing me, as I was the last that got in that night; some said I was killed and others declared that they had seen me fighting that night with some of the rear guard, and they were disputing with each other about it when I heard and recognized their voices.

We had traveled 300 miles to catch the Indians, and had just let them loose, leaving twenty-two men dead on the field, and about forty wounded, and a loss of sixty-three head of horses killed.

We brought off all wounded men, but left the dead unburied on the field. We were out of provisions, and 100 miles from where we could get anything to

take care of, and carry away. No way to carry the wounded except on litters, which had to be constructed of pecan poles. It was at least ten o'clock at night when all got into camp on Spring Creek, and it clouded up and by midnight it was snowing heavily. All night long men were building fires and talking over the scenes of the battle. The cry of the wounded men, and the groans of wounded horses with the white snow flakes falling through the fire light furnished a weird picture of distress rarely ever seen in Texas. My poor horse that had carried me through so many dangers, being weak from loss of blood, froze to death that night. Next morning I found myself afoot 300 miles from Belknap, in a wild uninhabited country. I loaned my saddle and bridle to a man who had lost his saddle in the fight on Dove Creek, to use until we could overtake the four Tonkawas that had fled from the battle field early in the fight, and carried away with them 250 head of horses. They were somewhere down the Concho river below us, and had been ordered to wait for us when they left the battle field.

I was promised a horse when we overtook the Tonk Indians and I was not alone, as several men lost horses, and would have to draw on the Tonks for remounts when we overtook them.

It was on Sunday, the eighth day of January, we fought the battle of Dove Creek, and next morning it was snowing so heavy that a man could not be seen twenty steps away. Men were put to chopping and trimming up pecan poles to make litters for the wounded. We constructed the litters by cutting notches in the ends of the poles, then took a rope and tied across from one pole to the other, like a bed cord; placing the poles far enough apart for a man to lay between them. When this was made we spread blankets over them, and put the wounded man on the litter. We then backed a horse up with a saddle on, between the two poles of the litter; placed the ends of the poles in the stirrup-leathers and tied them so they could not come out, and then we led another horse forward with his breast between the rear ends o the poles, and fastened the ends of the poles in the stirrup-leathers, and tied the bridle reins forward to the litter pole. The wounded were carried in this way; one man went before and led the horse in front, and another went behind to drive the rear horse.

As I have stated, it commenced snowing at midnight after the fight, and continued snowing until the morning of the 10th. The snow was hip deep to a man when it let up, and I never before or since have seen such a heavy snow fall. On the morning of the tenth we were ordered to march. Men on horses were sent ahead to explore the route and break the snow, and make a road for the litter corps. Those who had no horses, were assigned to duty as litter bearers and walked and led or drove the horses with the wounded. We had no provisions. We went down the Concho river, and had a hundred miles to travel before we could find anything to eat, which would be at John Chisum's ranch at the mouth of the Concho. That day we only traveled five miles and went into camp at night. On the 11th day of January we made about nine miles before going into camp.

On the 12th day of January the weather had improved and we had bright sunshine and the snow began to melt and it was better traveling, and we made better time. On the 13th of January we found the four Tonk Indians with the Indian horses that they had run off the battlefield on the 8th. They were fifty miles down the Concho when we found them waiting for us. We had not eaten a bite of provisions for four days and we were hungry and feeling weak. Here we stopped and spent the day and sent out hunting parties to look for buffalo but the parties returned, reporting that no buffalo or other game could be found been killed. We spent the day remounting the men that had lost horses. The Tonks were allowed to select two of the best horses apiece for their own, out of the 250 head. The remaining best horses were then distributed by lot to the dismounted men. J. M. Waide, of Totten's militia, was selected to draw lots for the men. He had formerly been my neighbor and he drew for me second choice, and I got one of the best ponies in the herd. Late that evening after the men had been remounted, our quartermaster issued to each company an Indian horse for meat. Our company drew a small gray pony with a saddle sore on his back about the size of a cabbage leaf. He was slaughtered that night. I did not eat anything that evening, but next morning I was so weak and hungry, I could not

starve any longer. The horse was frozen hard, and I took an ax and chopped off a piece of round steak and shaved the gray hair off with my knife, and broiled it over the fire until it was cooked. It smelled all right to a starving man; I took a piece of it to Lieut. Giddian who had suffered a bad night with his wound; he tried it, but he could eat but little. I then went to where Capt. White's company was camped to see Little Jim Dyer, who had been shot through the stomach. The doctor would not let him eat any of my steak, but said I could make him some tea of the meat and let him try that. I did so, but he soon threw it up; it would not lay on his stomach. The doctor told me Jim could not live—that he would die sure. This greatly distressed me, as he was a boy like myself and I had become greatly attached to him on the trip, and had learned to love him dearly. As I turned to go away from him that morning, he called me back, and said, "We have been good friends on this trip; I may not live to get home, but if I do not, I want you always to remember me, and this wild country in which they lay me away to rest." I left him with the assurance that I would never forget him and went away in sorrow. Late that evening as we went into camp again, I learned that he was dead. After going into camp on the banks of the Concho, by the moonfight; then all at once three men rode inped him in his blanket and gently laid him to rest, firing a volley of twelve guns over his grave. Here by the side of the gurgling waters of this beautiful river sleeps the remains of this heroic boy, who "did not live to get home." I still remember "the wild country in which we laid him away to rest." I hope the wild flowers will spring up, and grow over his unmarked grave, and that the birds may twitter their sweetest songs to cheer his silent abode somewhere on the Concho.

Nearly every day some of the severely wounded died; and we could hear the boom of the guns being fired over their graves.

The day before we reached Chisum's ranch some one who had been sent ahead returned to us, bringing twelve head of beef cattle, which we slaughtered by moonlight and had a feast, but we had no salt, and no bread.

We arrived at Chisum's ranch on the 17th day of January, and we got 1500 pounds of flour, and all the beef we needed. Lieut. Giddian was suffering so much with his wound that we carried him to to Chisum's residence and the doctors cut out the ball. He rested fairly well that night, but at two o'clock the next evening he grew worse, and before the sun had dropped out of the western sky he passd away. Our whole company was stricken with sorrow. He was a brave man. To me he had been a father. Just before he died he had us take a letter from his pocket he had received from his wife before he started on the trip, but he had not had time to answer it. He had us read it to him, and dictated an answer, which he requested us to mail to her when we got to our camp. He also made his will with directions to send it with the letter. The next morning we dug his grave and buried him on the banks of the Concho with the honors of war.

We took up the march for Camp Colorado, where, when we arrived we placed the remainder of the wounded men, who could not travel, in the hospital. Our company under the command of Sergeant Porter, was marched back to Fort Belknap, where we met the boys who did not go with us. When we reached the old Fort, we were a ragged, weather-beaten looking crowd of men, but the boys in camp met us with a hurrah of cheers, with tears running down their cheeks as we filed into camp. But there were two who did not return; Lieut. J. R. Giddian and James Gibson. We told the boys why they did not return. Out of our thirty men, two were killed and one wounded. It has been a long time ago; I was a boy then, but still the scenes are fresh in my memory. I seem to hear the neigh of horses, and see the glimmering camp fires and the flying snow flakes, and hear the moans of our starving wounded as we traveled down the banks of that beautiful river, the Concho.

Curley Hatcher of Myrtle Point, Oregon, writes: "I am now 77 years old. Drove cattle on the trail from 1867 to 1873, then joined Company E of the Texas Rangers. I killed the first Indian that was killed by the Battalion and Captain Maltby gave me $5.00 for the scalp and took it to Austin, where it was claimed he killed the Indian."

We would like to receive reminiscent sketches from all of the Texas pioneers.

FRONTIER TIMES

PUBLISHED MONTHLY AT BANDERA, TEXAS
BY J. MARVIN HUNTER

SUBSCRIPTION $1.50 PER YEAR

In this number of Frontier Times appears an account of the Battle of Dove Creek, written by Judge I. D. Ferguson of Denton, in 1911. Next month we will publish an account of this same battle, as related by P. R. Clark of San Angelo, giving other details. There are but few survivors of this desperate engagement living today. Judge Ferguson died a few years ago; B. P. Lee, of Goldthwaite, died a few years ago; others who were living in West Texas have been lost trace of and it is supposed they too, have joined the silent majority.

CCalls for back numbers of Frontier Times continue to pour in upon us. We cannot supply these requests, as our previous issues have been exhausted. All subscriptions must begin with the current number.

Wm. E. Hawks, the acknowledged "Historian of the Plains," writes from Bennington, Vermont, to order Frontier Times sent to his address, and says: "I wish to thank you for publishing this magazine, in the name of every old timer who is fortunate enough to see a copy." Colonel Hawks is collecting true data, and songs and verses of the early days. On his letter head we find printed: "In memory of the good old days in the 80's when the Two Bar 70 outfit roamed the open ranges of Idaho; before the granger and wire fence cast the long shadow over the open range forever." Colonel Hawks also sends us a postcard picture of a group of old timers in reunion at Douglas, Wyoming, in 1914, every one of whom were in Wyoming prior to 1886.

Frontier Times' circulation is growing rapidly. This is gratifying. We want every old ranger, every old pioneer, every old trail driver, to receive this little magazine, for it is devoted to that kind of history which they helped to make. Many of these old timers are too poor to subscribe for Frontier Times. Their friends or their children should send it to them, and thus help them to live over again the days that have long since passed away.

"Heel Fly Time in Texas," which has been appearing serially in Frontier Times, ends in this number. Those wishing to secure this interesting story complete in pamphlet form may obtain it from Frontier Times for fifty cents per copy.

Capt. J. B. Gillett of Marfa, Texas, orders Frontier Times sent to his former commander, Capt. D. W. Roberts at Llano. Captain Roberts is now past eighty years old, but still quite active. He is one of the few surviving Texas Rangers of the old order, and did his share in driving the Indians out of the country.

Mrs. M. J. Lee of Upland, California, writes us: "I received a copy of Frontier Times and sure enjoyed reading it more than any magazine I ever read, though I am over 82 years old. Reading it takes me back to my childhood, when my father and mother moved from Crooked Creek, Arkansas, in an ox-wagon to Hunt, county, Texas, ten miles east of Greenville, when the prairies were covered with grass as high as a horse's back and we were scared of Indians. It hadn't been but a little while since the Indians had been run out of the region where Fort Worth is now located. Many is the time we had to drink water out of holes in the branches, with the festering carcass of a dead cow in the water on the other side while we dipped up water with a gourd on this side, and watching for Indians at the same time." We hope Mother Lee will send us a sketch of her experiences of those early days for publication in Frontier Times.

Frontier Times wants an account of the hanging of Bill Longley at Waco; also an account of the train robbery near Coleman and the capture of the Keatons and Newmans. Who will volunteer to send in these sketches?

Frontier Times is printed the fifteenth of the month preceding the date of issue. Subscribers failing to receive their copy of the little magazine by the first of each month should notify this office.

"The Trail Drivers of Texas," 2 volumes, Price $5.00. Order from Geo. W. Saunders, Union Stock Yards, San Antonio, Texas.

HEEL-FLY TIME IN TEXAS.

(Continued from Last Month)

I had neither time nor appetite just then, and handing the generous hearted old negro another dollar, I hastened around the field through the brush, mounted and was away in the dirrection of the Somers League. I did not seek to avoid any one, as it was quite early and the heel flies were never known to be early risers, unless there was loot to be had without fighting. For the 'steenth time since leaving Matamoras, I was mad. Ciriaco was a prisoner in the hands of those measley scape goats, and, besides, they had those mules. I would have those mules if it took all spring and summer too, and if they harmed poor Ciriaco I would stay with those men in the thickets till the close of the war.

The sun was up shining bright and clear,a typical South Texas spring morning when I reached Dr. Bellah's, I made no halt and had gone a short distance when I saw a body of horsemen coming from the direction of Mayo's Mill. That part of the country was open post-oak woods and seeing me at about the same time I discovered them coming toward me, they raised a whoop and dashed forward at full speed. Veering to the right,I "lit out" and the race began. They chased me more than a mile and at no time were they nearer than 300 yards, but from the start they kept up a running fire as if they expected to hit someone. I reached cover in the edge of the thicket and they withdrew, fearing as the boys afterward said, an ambuscade.

Signals had been sounded at different points along the thickets when this firing was heard and I met a force hastening to learn the cause. I told the boys that it was only a little race for morning exercise and that no heel fly could get near enough to shoot me so long as I was better mounted than they. "Fellers they 'll never catch 'im as long as they is deep water about. He was a headin' for the river an' the Lavaca's no bigger nor the Navidad." This speech came from big nose, gander-eyed Wylie Clampit, and there was a loud guffaw at my expense.

When we reached camp I related to the boys all I had heard and told them of my determination to rescue my Mexican at all hazards and asked them if they would stay by me in the undertaking. all agreed to go with me, if there were any fighting to do they would not desert me It was agreed however, to wait untill the Gollihar boys, the Tate' and Colbath came in and then our attacking force would be larger. Five new men had come in the early morning but no one seemed to know much about them, more than they had been chased away from home by the heel flies and were considered reliable. The Colorado company that had captured my Mexican numbered only thirty men and boys, mostly the latter; four of these were under guard in our camp, leaving the enemy only about 26 and it was conceded that a dozen determined men could capture the entire lay-out.

Shortly after noon, the two Gollihar boys, the Tate boys, Henery Dunn and Mr. Colbath came in, bringing with them a man by the name of Jennings, who said that his father lived a few miles below on the east side of the Lavaca river. He was well known to nearly all in camp and had been kept in the brush by the heel flies nearly all winter.

I related my late experience to Mr. Gollihar and those who came in with him told them of the capture of the mules and Ciriaco by the heel flies, and of my determination to attack the camp of the enemy and that the boys had agreed to join me in the undertaking. Gollihar was pleased with the idea and announced his willingness to lead the expedition. He swore that he alone could whip half of that outfit and that since they had gone into the mule business he proposed to become a horse dealer and that some of those heel flies had some mighty good horses which he stood greatly in need of just then. We would make the attack that evening about four o'clock.

This proposition was heartily approved by all except Joe Tate. He reasoned along different and more practical lines. He set forth that there were other means at hand by which to accomplish the ends in view; that of rescuing the young Mexican, and the mules. He said to,openly or stealthily attack those men would involve us in greater embarrassments than those under which we now labored, that it would be making war on the Confederate forces and that if captured at any subsequent period, we would be courtmar-

tialed and hanged. "My plan," continued Mr. Tate, is this:"We hold four of their men as prisoners-a captain and three privates. They are a burden to us and we ought to get them off our hands. Release one of these privates right away,and send him their camp with a proposal to exchange the captain for this young man's Mexican, and the two privates for the mules—mule for mule—they'll be glad to swap as doubtless, they know nothing as to what may have befallen these men."

After some further discussion Mr. Tate's plan was agreed to. Of course these deliberations were held at some distance from and beyond the hearing of the prisoners.

During this general discussion, Jennings heard me mention the Cox boy in connection with the capture of the Mexican and the mules and when an agreement was reached and our plans formulated he told me he knew the Cox's and the two families were great friends and that the boy was safe. He said he had left his father's ranch only that morning on his return to Columbus. He further stated that it was daylight when he and the Mexican neared the Lavaca river, and he begged the Mexican to run down the prairie and stop at Mr. Jennings until night, then make their way to Clarks Creek settlement. The Mexican assured him that he could not make it safely through and as they had ridden all night and he (a boy), being almost exhausted from fatigue, he could go to Mr. Jennings, rest up, and return home at his pleasure. The boy followed the suggestion and was there safe. While the Mexican went on and was captured. More on Mrs. Cox's account, than any other, I was greatly relieved on receipt of this intelligence.

Our plan, as finally agreed upon for the evening, was this: Every man was to be in readiness to start at 3 p. m. By that time those on watch along the outer borders of the thicket would be in for evening relief

Th prisoners were to be blindfolded, mounted and their horses were to be led by men detailed for duty. We were to ride in silence to a point in the river bottom a quarter of a mile from camp at the Mayo Mill—a point where we would be concealed from view by a dense thicket. From this thicket we were to send in to the enemy our demand, and if this was refused we would tie our prisoners to a tree and charge the camp.

There was a bountiful supply of fresh beef in camp and the men during the forenoon had barbecued a quanity of the choicest pieces. After a hearty feasting on beef without bread, I called the boys together and told them that if our raid on the heel fly camp proved successful I was going to leave next night and all who wished to go with me to Mexico must be ready. Nineteen declared their readiness to accompany me and to face any perils that might beset our way. The Gollihar boys, the Tate brothers, Dunn and Colbath said they had no desire to leave the country, and that they believed when the heel flies found out that so many had gone in a body they would abandon the chase, and this would give them more freedom to go where they pleased.

Half an hour before we were ready to start Jesse McDonald came in bringing a sack of corn bread, some salt and the message the girls had intrusted him with the night before. During the night, he had met a party of heel flies, turned and fled and they chased him to Brushy Creek ek below the Harless school house, where he gave them the dodge. He then followed a circuitous route and got there with the bread, but it was reduced to the consistency of corn meal.

The lad wanted to go with us against the heel flies, but I and others objected. I told him to get back home before night, if possible, and tell the girls if we were successful, and the way open. I would be at their house that night to tell them good- bye.

At the appointed hour all were in readiness. Four men were detailed to guard the four prisoners—Colbath andCharlie Gollihar being of the number—and each was well coached as to duty. Four strong rawhide ropes were conspicuously displayed by these guards while making preparation to mount the captives. When they proceeded to blindfold them, the captain exclaimed: "Men, in Heaven's name what does this mean?" Colbath replied in a serious and sympathetic tone by saying: "Well, Captain, we have to obey orders; if you have any preparations to make—but, I'm forbidden to talk." It was plainly seen that the poor men were greatly alarmed and I would have gladly given them assurance of their safety but could not under the

circumstances. When we mounted I counted twenty-nine men, not including the prisoners, and two others came to us before getting clear of the lower thickets.

Thirty-one in all, and these by common consent were led by Joe Tate. Through the mazes of those jungles we rode in single file and in silence. When out of the Somers thickets proper, we kept well under cover along the narrow river bottom until we reached the point designated. Here we halted and dismounted. A man was directed to go on foot along the river to a small elevation where he could obtain a very fair view of the enemy's camp. He returned shortly and reported that there were quite a number of horses in the camp, but he could discover only 20, perhaps 25 men, although there might be double that. This report served to change the plan originally agreed upon. Instead of sending one of the captives into camp , Mr. Tate decided upon a defiant, aggressive course. He approached the captain and asked him if he had any writing material. The captain replied that he had a piece of a pencil and a small note book, "Very well; you shall do some writing and it may be your last. It all depends. Here boys some one of you take off the handcuffs, so that he can write."

Mr. Tate beckoned me to draw near so that I might hear all that was dictated. The captain was very nervous but managed to scrawl an order to his men directing them to deliver at once one Ciriaco, a Mexican, and two mules they had taken when the Mexican was captured, that he, the captain, and his three men, (giving their names) were being held by a band of desperadoes, who were determined to hang them if the demands were not immediately complied with. I well remember the closing sentence of that order. "Therefore I command that the said Mexican and mules be delivered at once, and it is stipulated that my release and that of your captive comrades, will follow immediately upon the execution of this order." A man by the name of Bast was selected to carry the message under flag of truce. He was instructed to approach the camp near enough to observe the strength of the enemy, and call for a parley. If he found that their force was about equal or inferior to ours, he was to wave his flag over his head twice. He was also instructed fully as to what to say to the enemy. But there arose another barrier. There was not a white handkerchief in the whole outfit. There were handkerchiefs, but they were of the bandana brand and color. Someone suggested a shirt, but investigation showed there was not a white shirt in the crowd. Some there were that had once been white but age and usage and lack of soap and water had changed their color. Finally a "poke"—a sort of bread sack that was made of home spun cloth and still retained a resemblance of its original whiteness, was pressed into service, torn open and the cleanest section cut out with a jack- knife and fixed to a long switch. This Mr. Bast took and with its tarnished folds dancing in the evening breeze, rode boldly to a point within close hailing distance of the heel fly camp. Some twenty minutes or more elapsed, when our lookout motioned us to advance. He had seen Bast give the preconcerted signal.

Our party rode out from our place of concealment, leaving two men to guard the prisoners, and when in the open we formed in a line and advanced abreast, allowing a space of about ten paces between the horsemen in order to make our appearance seem as imposing as possible. When within one hundred yards of our truce bearer we halted and maintained strict silence. A man had come out from the camp and was talking with Bast. When our column came in view we could not fail to note that there was excitement in the enemy's camp. This emboldened us and Joe Tate and I advanced and joined Mr . Bast. Seeing this movement, two of the heel flies came out and joined us. Mr. Bast remarked as we rode up: "These fellows say they have the Mexican,but won't give him up until their captain and comrades are produced. Mr. Tate said to the men:(the two extra men had rode up by this time.) "We haven't a minute to fool away with you fellows. Your captain and his three men are in that thicket over there, closely guarded by fifty determined men. We have come after that Mexican and we are going to have him and if there is a shot fired at one of my men your captain and those with him won't last a minute. I've got enough men to bag your whole crowd, and it would do some of them good to quirt every scoundrel in your outfit. Hurry up now, we've no time for nonsense." By this time the company in camp had rallied and formed (on foot)

at the edge of the grove in which they were encamped. Their paucity of number was apparent, and we learned later that a number belonging to their command were absent on a scout looking for Bob Tate.

The spokesman for the heel flies was evidently "bluffed," and began to weaken. He said that being overpowered he would have to yield, but he first wanted to know that the captain was alive and safe, and if so, he would surrender the Mexican in exchange. I spoke up and said: "We do not propose giving you all four of these men even for that Mexican. We want a little boot in this trade. You have a a pair of mules you seized when you took that Mexican; we want those mules and besides, if you have any other prisoners, we want and are going to have them. Where are those two men you arrested on the Navidad?"

"We have four white men and the Mexican. I don't think you men ought to demand the Mexican. The mules he had belonged to a Mrs. Cox near Columbus; some of our company know the mules, and that Mexican stole them,and we caught him after he had ridden all night and the d—d greaser ought to be hung. We are going to return those mules to the rightful owner."

"All right, sir! We want those mules right now. The Mexican is not a thief he was in my employ, and I intrusted him with those mules and he was on his way to headquarters when you arrested him."

"Say my friend," said Tate: "You are fooling away too much time here," and wheeling toward our men he shouted "C-o-m-p-a-n-y,' advance!" The boys came forward in a swinging trot with pistols drawn. Turning to the heel fly Tate said: "Will you bring out those prisoners and those mules?" "Yes I will produce them at once,but captain it looks like it would be fair to bring up our men. We are willin ' to do the right thing." Tate then said to one of the boys in a very authoritive, loud tone, "Ride back to the command and ask Captain Gollihar to order a detail of two men and bring those four prisoners forward—those who belong to the Colorado Home Guards."

Hearing this peremptory order, and doubtless believing that he was almost in the grasp of an army of blood-thirsty desperadoes, the heel fly man hastened back to his company and by the time our men, (detailed by Captain Gollihar, who was all the while in the ranks) arrived, the prisoners held by the heel flies were being brought forward. They were all handcuffed and poor Ciriaco had a woebegone look until he recognized me in the crowd. When they came up I said, "Where are those mules and this Mexican's horse, saddle and blankets. There's going to be trouble (I here substitute the word trouble. I used a more emphatic word) if those mules and horse are not forthcoming at once." "One of the men who is out on a scout is riding the horse; the mules will be here presently," spoke up one of the heel flies, a lad about my own age and size. I had dismounted and was standing with one hand resting on Ciriaco's shoulder and when the young chap made that statement concerning the horse, every word of which the Mexican understood, he said to me in a low tone: "Mentira, mi caballo y las mullas allistan atados en el bosque cerca del campo." (He lies: My horse and the mules are tied there in the grove near the camp.) Turning on this little heel fly spokesman, I said, "You lie like the miserable thief that you are. This Mexican's horse is tied in that grove with the mules and these dickerings have to stop right now until that stock and everything this Mexican had when you arrested him is restored." Tate gave force to my remarks by ordering the men to get ready for business. A man older than the young heel fly realizing that matters were about to assume a serious phase, chimed in: 'Don't, gentleman, don't be toohasty, the young man is just mistaken. The horse and also the mules will be here in a minute."

From our position we could see some tall hustling about that camp. A bridle here, a saddle blanket, a morral, a rope, a quirt, was fished out there and each article was quickly brought out. Ciriaco said to me, "Estos ladrones me robado de mi pistola y el poco dinero lo que traigo," (Those thieves have stolen my pistol and the little amount of money I brought along.) I mentioned this fact to the spokesman and told him his captain was there to testify that not an article was taken from him or his men during their captivity and that this Mexican's property even to the last farthing had to be restored. At this the

captain confirmed what I had said and ordered that my demands be complied with.

While I was engaged in looking to the delivery of those mules and attending to Ciriaco's interests, Mr. Tate and Mr. Bast were attending to the claims of the other four men whom we had liberated. They also had been robbed and demanded either remuneration or restoration. The horse and saddle of one was, without a doubt, absent and could not be delivered. Several horses were led up and he was ordered by Tate to take his pick, but be careful and not take a better horse than the one he had lost. He chose the best horse, bridle and saddle in the layout, and after the war, I was told that three days later, these same heel flies run him and recaptured him, his horse and equipment. The pony they had first taken from him, it was said was an old plug that could not head a cow. While all this was in progress, I noticed that Ciriaco wore an old dilapidated wool hat, a piece of headgear quite different to that he wore at Columbus, and I asked him if he had been swapping. Pointing to a young chap who was standing in front of the camp, he told me that fellow had his hat, and that it was a forced swap. I stated the facts to the captain, who called the lad by name, and ordered him to bring out that Mexican's hat. He obeyed, and as he approached, Ciriaco seized his own sombrero, a very stylish and costly affair, and threw the old hat on the ground, stamped upon it and kicked it away. The young heel fly picked it up and sheepishly slunk off. All demands being met, cuffs were removed from our prisoners and they were once more free. Crit Gollihar insisted on keeping the handcuffs, saying that he might have use for them some other time. Joe Tate gave his little captain some wholesome advice before leaving. He told him who he was and assured him that he was going to stay around home, and that no set of heel flies could take him. He told him that he would do well to take his little gang of thieving boys and go home, and allow them to assist the women in making a crop of corn with which to feed the starving soldiers in the army, and closed by warning him that swift vengeance would be visited on him and his outfit if any one in that section was further molested.

By this time the day was far spent, the sun was low in the west, and bidding the liberated captain and his brave (?) command goodbye we set out on our return to the Somers thickets, having accomplished far more than we expected.

When we reached our lair, we found two of our men, who, being out on watch failed to join us that evening. They reported that the Victoria company was at Wallace's Mill a short distance below, and that several of that outfit evidently had been scouting through the country that day. They knew nothing of the Clinton company or any other layout that might be in that vicinity.

After we appeased our appetites on beef, roasted over the coals, I told the boys that that country wasn't quite large enough to hold me any longer. I thanked them for their generous aid in the release of my Mexican and the recapture of my mules, and the only means by which I could return the favor was to pilot them safely into Mexico, a place where home guards dared not molest and where heel flies confined their operations to old cows in the spring time. Twenty-two in all declared their willingness to go. Some were ready to start then, others were not quite ready; they had to go home and make certain preparation, etc. After much planning and discussion, it was finally agreed that we would postpone our departure until the following night, at which time we would all get together and make the start. As a number of the men lived near the German church, a short distance from where the town of Hope is now situated, it was agreed to meet there for the start at 10 o'clock, and not later than 10:30 p. m. Should for any cause, those arriving find that it would be unsafe to asemble there, then we were to rendezvous about a mile further one, and at the back of the field owned by an honest and inoffensive old German by the name of Hample. Each man was advised to come with three or four days' rations of bread and also a supply of bacon and dried beef, if it could be had, but not to come overburened with baggage.

The German church was about six miles southwest from Mr. McDonald's and having a night and a day before me, I resolved to go over and tell the folks goodbye. Four of the men announced their willingness to accompany me.

When the sun had gone down, we separated, I and my crowd of six including myself, rode out near the open woods, where we halted until darkness

overspread the earth. Ciriaco led one of the mules and one of the men, a Mr. Kendrick, led the other, while I rode in advance. When near the Heath place, I halted the men in a copse of timber and rode down to Dr. Bellah's house. The doctor was away on a professional call, but his niece, Miss Olivia Chandler, who lived in the family came out and answered my inquiries. (Miss Chandler afterwards married Wm. Gafford. She has a son, J. A. Gafford at Silver Valley, Texas and a daughter, Mrs. Smith living in East San Angelo.) She heard of our affair at Mayo's Mill that evening, and the greatest excitement prevailed throughout the settlements. Men had been passing going in the direction of Mayo's since just before sundown, and they were seemingly in haste. The report had gone out that we had captured the entire Colorado company, carried away all their horses and left the men tied to trees. To avoid meeting with any of these heel flies, she directed me to follow a route different to any I had followed before in going to Mr. McDonald's. This route we pursued, and reached Mr. McDonald's between nine and ten o'clock. Approaching within a quarter of a mile of the house, I concealed my men in the brush near the road, dismounted and went on foot to reconnoiter. I knew I could depend on the old darkey to find out if the way was clear, and cautiously approaching the cabin, I called to him to come out and direct me in the road leading to Mr. Hogan's. In answer to my inquiries he said, in his serio comic way: "Shuah, dem same heel flies is heah yit, only dey's mo' done cum. Dey mus' a got some kind o' news dis even' late, as dey was a pow'ful scatterment 'mong 'em. Ah donno; dey's a big dance ober at Marse Carpenter's and dey mout been done gone to dat dance. Deys' all gone but three, an' dey's stayin' to git de pervishuns what dey wanted cooked. Marse McDonald's wimmin folks is cookin' hard as dey can an, my ole 'oman is cookin' braid fo' 'em too. Dey said dey wanted dem wittuls (victuals) foah midnight."

"Is Mr. McDonald there?"

"Yas sah, yes sah. Marse A. B. is dah."

"Well, say, uncle, can't you slip over there and tell the girls I am here again?"

"Cose I kin, but you stay 'way dar in de dark; dem heel flies mought be camin' down heah to git dat braid."

In a very short time Jesse and one of the girls came. Quite a number of the Clinton company had been there, coming and going all day. That evening a runner came in post haste and brought orders for every man to be at Mayo's Mill by sun up in the morning, and that a combined attack was to be made on the Somers thicket. The men camped at Mrs. Tate's were going to leave that night, so said Mr. Harper, who had left the house not half an hour ago. There was a dance at old man Carpenter's about half a mile distant, and a number of the men were attending the function. Late in the evening and after this runner had left, they had ordered their father, Mr. McDonald, to have a quantity of corn bread cooked by midnight, and they were now performing the unwelcome task. The three men left at the house were of the Clinton gang and were mere boys, and were mad because they, too, could not attend the dance.

I told them of the men I had staked out and that I would be at the house presently with my crowd, and for them to keep quiet as there would be no rucas raised.

Mr. McDonald had plenty of corn and top-fodder, and leading my men round to the lot, we dismounted and fed our stock. We then went into the house and found three heel fly friends in the kitchen, having a gay time talking to the girls while they were cooking. I told these young men that they ought to be with their command at Mayo's mill; that the "brush-busters" had cleaned up the Colorado company that evening and every available man was ordered to assemble at Mayo's by daylight the next morning. In reply to their questions I told them we belonged to the Victoria company and were then en route to the place of rendezvous, and had come by to see if we could get some bread. Certainly. They were having bread cooked and would divide. Mr. McDonald's folks were mighty fine folks and they never turned a poor hungry soldier away empty. Did we come by where the dance was going on? They were nearly dead to go to the dance, but they had been left to attend to the cooking of that bread. One of my men, Mr. Hamersley, suggested that, being tired and not caring for the dance, we would look after

the rations, and they might go to the ball. They were delighted over the proposition and were off in a jiffy, leaving us complete masters of the situation.

When they had gone, Mr. and Mrs. McDonald, Jesse and the girls gathered round us in the kitchen to hear the story of the day's happenings, the three men who had remained in the kitchen with me, went out, saying they preferred being outside on the lookout.

Mr. McDonald showed uneasiness and said those men at the dance were liable to appear any moment and that while entirely welcome, yet, I was by no means safe. He said I was very imprudent and would certainly be taken before I got out of the country if I did not use more caution. He wanted to see those mules that had caused me so much trouble, and I had to go with him to the lot, where, in the dim starlight, after examining them closely, he gravely shook his head and said: "Too good a pair of mules. You'll never get through with 'em." I called Ciriaco and the others and told them to prepare to mount. With Mr. Mc. I went back in the kitchen to bid adieu. Kind good Mrs. McDonald—everybody called her "Aunt Martha"—had a sack of that bread and a small sack of sweet potatoes ready for us to take along. She said we had as well have that bread as the heel flies. One of the girls gave me a woolen neck scarf, another a pair of woolen mits—all their own make.

It was with a feeling of sadness and dread that I turned away from that hospitable home and rode out into the darkness, not knowing what ill or good fortune the future held in store for me.

One of the men with me knew the road leading to the German church, and taking the lead he held a steady gait until, when we had covered four or five miles, we left the road and he piloted us to the home of a Mr. Cherry, whose son had been with us in the thickets, and was of the number who had agreed to go with me to Mexico. Back of Mr. Cherry's field, in a creek bottom, we bivouaced in a thicket, where amid the torments of a swarm of mosquitoes, we remained until the following night. Mr. Cherry was very kind to us and invited me to dine at the table, but I declined, preferring to remain under close cover. When we breakfasted the morning after our arrival at Cherry's I noticed that my four white comrades had a good supply of bread, and when questioned, they admitted that when they left the kitchen to go on the lookout the night before, they went to the old negro's cabin and told the old darkey that they had come afer that bread, and the old slave, thinking they were the heel flies who had ordered the bread, willingly gave it into their hands. I had told them of the cooking arrangements before we approached Mr. McDonald's house.

About an hour after nightfall, with Mr. Cherry's son, Rob, as pilot, we set out for the appointed place of rendezvous, the German Methodist church. When we came in sight of the place, we saw that the house was lighted up, and found, upon inquiry, that it was prayer meeting night. We rode into a wood near the church and dismounted, having decided to wait an hour for our expected recruits. It had been two years since I had attended church, except on a few occasions when, as sightseer, I had attended services in Catholic churches in Mexico. It was with an effort that I repressed the impulse to become one among those humble, devout worshippers. In my early years I had received pious instructions and had been taught to be religious by God-fearing Methodist parents, whose rule was to take the children to the house of God on regular occasions. I withdrew from the men and came near the house. I heard the devout leader of that little meeting offer the opening prayer. He prayed for the poor soldiers in the field, the sick, the hungry, the wounded, and the dying. He prayed for those laboring under affliction and bereavement at home, prayed for the enemy and prayed God to hasten the end of that unholy war. They sung those same old hymns that I had heard and learned when a little child, and their sad, sweet, melody forcibly recalled to mind the days when I was a happy boy in the old home. I was now a waif, a cast-away, a wanderer, and being pursued by relentless men. These latter thoughte disturbed me little, but the melody of those hymns overcame me and I sat down and wept as a child and implored the Father to bestow that merciful protection that He has given me through all these subsequent years.

After waiting about an hour and none of our men appearing we went to the back ofthe Hample field and found several in waiting. By 10 o'clock we counted noses and there were pre-

sent twenty-one men and two boys. These latter I supposed to be not over 14 years old, and having learned of our plans from some of our men, had run off from hom expecting to go with me to Mexico. I ordered them to go home. About 10:30, the appointed hour, we set forth on our long and perilous journey to the Rio Grande. The sun was an hour high next morning when we crossed the Guadalupe, a mile or so below where Cuero now stands. We remained in the brush along the river bottom all day and at nightfall we mounted and headed for the San Antonio river below Goliad. A young man named Walton knew the country and served as guide. At sunrise we were on the west bank of the San Antonio river, where we found good grass and a snug place of concealment. Our breakfast was not tempting. Dried beef, a few potatoes roasted in the fire, and corn bread which by constant attrition had become a mass of crumbs. Mr. Walton stated that our position was secure, it being an out of the way place, and that the nearest house was nearly a mile distant and that a man named Inman lived there, that he was a Union man and always worked a good number of Mexicans. This piece of information was gratifying indeed, and calling Ciriaco to one side, I directed him to mount and ride over to Mr. Inman's and learn all he could from any Mexicans that he might chance to meet and then come back and report. In an hour's time he was back and stated that two or three Mexican families were on the place, besides la familia del dueno de la hacienda; that there had been no soldiers in that part of the country for several days. Thus finding my way clear, I mounted and went up to the ranch. Miss Inman, the pretty lady interpretor who so generously came to my rescue at Goliad, gave a cordial greeting and expressed a great surprise at seeing me at her home. In the best English I could command, I told her that having occasion to pass through the country toward the Rio Grande and having heard that she lived near, I had called to tender my gratitude for her generous sympathy and the part she played in securing my release from the little captain and his heel flies at Goliad, that I had learned that her father was a Unionist and for that cause was being hounded off the earth by these same Home Guards. She led the way into the sitting room where I was presented to other members of the family, and I was made to feel once more I was in the house of friends. A Mexican servant put my horse in the lot and fed him well, while I, when the noon hour came, was the guest of honor at a real old-time family feast.

During my stay, I had related some of the events of my trip, and my start back to Mexico and our travels at night instead of day. Miss Inman did not think I would encounter any serious danger until we reached the west bank of the Nueces, and when informed that we would resume our journey at nightfall, she asked that we send a couple of men for provisions, which she would have ready. I gratefully accepted her offer and while preparing to tell her goodbye and be off, Ciriaco advanced from a group of his countrymen and brought forward a Mexican who wanted to go with us.

He was the pelado who had stayed all night with me in the guard house at Goliad! He recognized me at once and with exuberant joy invoked the blessings of all the saints upon my devoted head. All he wanted was an opportunity to show his gratitude for my kindness to him while he was in bonds with not a friend near. Don Ciriaco had told him of the mules. He had no horse, no tengo caballo, but he could ride one of those mules and that would save the trouble of leading it. He would saddle and unsaddle my horse, he would be my mozo. I asked Miss Inman about this man and she said that as no witness appeared against him at Goliad he was released and later found his way to their place,. She advised me to watch him in case I let him go along, as she had put him down as bad hombre.

After leave taking of this hospitable family I mounted and saying to the pelado, "I guess you can go with us if it is agreeable with Ciriaco." I set off for our camp. When we reached camp I told Ciriaco that this Mexican whom we nick-named Zarco on account of a glazy blemish in one of his eyes, was to be strictly under his charge; that it was on his solicitations that I had consented to his going with us, and that he would be held responsible for his conduct. Two days had not elapsed when we all regretted having ever seen El Zarco.

When Texas seceded from the Union, the United States troops were withdrawn from all forts along the border

from Red River to the mouth of the Rio Grande, thus leaving exposed to the Indians all the settlements along the frontier. The state inaugurated at once a very wise system of frontier defense, the efficiency of which proved to be far superior to that emloyed by the federal government after the war.

A well defined line along the border was drawn from Red River to the Gulf. All men subject to military service and who lived beyond or outside of that line were exempt from service in the Confederate army, but were required to organize into companies and one half of each company was required to be on patrol or scout duty all the time. The Medio river, which is about 15 or 20 miles west of Goliad, was said to be on this line at the time of which I write. Beyond, or west of the Medio there were no home guards, such as we had encountered as heel flies, and our only peril lay in the possibility of meeting or falling in with soldiers going to or returning from army posts along the lower Rio Grande.

Leaving the San Antonio river at dark, we rode as far as the Medio, where we dismounted, mounted guard and remained until morning. The next evening late we reached the Nueces, about two miles above San Patricio, only to find the bank full. I was in favor of swimming our horses over, as the stream was narrow, but a majority of the boys were against taking the risk. I argued that it would not be prudent to undertake to cross at the ferry at San Patricio, as there would likely be a number of soldiers there and they might cause us trouble. But I was over-ruled, and to San Patricio we went. As we passed through the little Irish village, we saw very few people, but when we approached the river an animated scene came into view. There were several wagon trains loaded with cotton en route to Brownsville, mule and ox trains, Mexican, German and American. On the opposite bank were camped trains returning from the Rio Grande, laden with government supplies and merchandise. All these with daily additions were waiting for the river to become fordable, as the little ferry boat was too small to bear up the heavy wagons. It was sundown when we rode boldly into this vast encampment with its bright camp fires and incessant din of ox and horse bells and shouts of herdsmen. I asked for the ferryman and was told that he had just gone over with his boat, but would be back in a few minutes. We rode to the water's edge, dismounted and waited for the coming of the boat. El Zarco, our pelado, had ridden one of the mules without saddle since leaving the Inman place, and complained of being muy cansado (very tired) and in great misery. Several gathered round and a few questions were asked as to where we were from and to where bound,etc. We gave evasive replies to these questions, which seemed to be entirely satisfactory. It was about an hour after dark when we all got over, and we rode out about a half mile and camped near a small lake, known as Lago Cayman, or Lake of the Alligator.

We were all greatly fatigued with the day's hard riding, and being, as we thought, beyond the pale of any serious danger, a spirit of security seemed to possess the men. No one wanted to stand guard; it was useless, they contended; we would not be molested and all were too tired and sleepy to keep watch. I insisted, begged and persuaded until they reluctantly yielded. I kept watch the first two hours and it was only by continued walking and moving about and around the horses that I kept awake. Sleep seemed to envelop me as a mantle and several times I came near yielding to its influence. At about 11 o'clock I turned in, after calling Ciriaco to go watch until 12. At 12 o'clock he came in and Wiley Clampit and young Kendrick went out.

I was up at dawn and found Clampit and Kendrick were still out. When it was sufficiently light to see well I discovered that our stock was scattered, and I could see no one on duty. I found Clampit and Kendrick asleep under a huisache bush near the edge of the chaparal. Ciriaco's horse and Clampit's saddle were gone, and El Zarco was nowhere in sight. Ciriaco hastened to the ferry, but no horseman had passed that way. In our search Ciriaco had met up with a Mexican named Feliciano Torres, who told him that the place where we camped was the most noted of any spot on the road from Goliad to King's ranch. Seldom a night passed that some camper was not robbed at Lago Cayman. He said a few miles above was the "Rincon"—a big bend in the river—and this bend was one vast wilderness of chaparal and tanglewood. He stated that this bend afforded a convenient hiding place

for thieves and their stolen stock. This information led to the conclusion that El Zarco had gone to the Rincon, but I ordered out men in twos to scout in five directions With Ciriaco and others I went to explore the Rincon, leaving the other remaining men to guard camp.

Two miles above Lago Cayman we came to a ranch occupied by a Dr. Cox, a brother to Rev. Ivy H. Cox, a pioneer and Methodist preacher in the West Texas Conferenc. With the doctor re-resided his son-in-law, Jack Cook, and wife. The ranch they occupied was on the site of Old Fort San Miguel, where a desperate battle was fough and won by the Texans during the Revolution. The ruins of the old fort still remained and overlooked a beautiful lake in the valley belaw. While at the ranch and just before leaving I noticed a very comely looking young chap who, while clad in citizen's clothing, wore a Federal cavalryman's hat, such as I had seen the First and Second Texas, U. S. A., wear during Banks' ocupation of Brownsville. The young man seemed preoccupied with his own thoughts and appeared to shun or rather hold himself aloof from others.

Mr. Cook kindly consented to assist me in the exploration of the Rincon. I had engaged the Mexican, Feliciano, and his brother on account of their knowledge of the Rincon and with these two Ciriaco, Mr. Cook and myself, five in all, we struck out for the big bend. While riding along my mind reverted to the sad-looking stranger I had observed at the ranch, and I asked Mr. Cook if he was a member of the family. "No; that fellow is a prisoner," was his blunt reply.

From the beginning of the blockade until the fall of the Confederacy the Federal's maintained a body of troops on San Padre Island, just out from Corpus Christi. Occosionally the Yankees, finding the way clear, would come across to the mainland, in small parties, well mounted, and round up a bunch of fat cattle for beef. A short while previous to my arrival with my outfit, a squad of these soldiers had landed at Penescal below Corpus and had been captured by Cook and some of his crowd. Instead of paroling these men they decided to hold them, farm them out, and each man to keep his prisoner on the principal of a sort of peonage. There was no chance of escape. It was a long way to the Rio Grande. It was 30 miles to the nearest point on the coast, Corpus, and the avenues of possible escape were well guarded. This Yankee was being held by a member of Richardson's company who lived just across the river above San Patricio. He was given the liberty of a "trusty" and was permitted to visit Mr. Cook at his pleasure. I decided to liberate that Yankee. The heel flies had accused me of having stolen those mules I would now try to steal a Yankee, if the Yankee was willing.

We had not proceeded far into the Rincon when we heard two shots and a whoop in the direction from whence we came. I understood the signal and we hurried back to learn that Kendrick and Clampit had found a trail where two horses had put into the river and their tracks where they went out on the opposite side were plainly visible. When Ciriaco examined the tracks he declared they were those of his horse. We had no time to lose. Following Mr. Cook's suggestion, two men were to swim the horses over and follow the trail. Two others were to go up on the south side of the river to the old Beeville crossing, cross over and travel down the river until they should meet the two on their way up the river. Owing to the great bend in the river those going going up the south side would have a much shorter distance to travel and would stand a chance to head off the thieves should they keep near the narrow bottoms.

We remained until my scouts had disappeared, and then returned to camp. During the evening some of our scouts came in and reported that they had found no trace of the missing man and horse. Early the next morning Williams and I mounted the mules and went up to the ranch, entertaining a hope that possibly we might hear something from the boys who were from the boys who were still out. I had resolved to keep those mules under my eyes from that time on, hence the reason for having ridden them that morning.

Mr. Cook was like all old Texans in those days, generous to a fault when at his house, and while you were welcome to stay as long as you wished, yet he would employ any and all arts to blister you in a horse trade. Dr. Cox, was a Virginian.

Mr. Cook, the Doctor and the Yankee, who was introduced to me as Mr. Stanfield, were going several miles up the river that morning and pressed us

to go along. The Doctor took the lead and piloted us to an old ruin in which he seemed to take some interest. This ruin was about four miles above the ranch, and stood on an eminence overlooking the river valley on the east and south, while to the north a short distance away a small creek ran by and emptied into the Nueces. The walls were of white, soft limestone and were hoary with age. The ruin was known among the Mexicans and the few Irish and Americans in that region as "Casa Blanca" (white house), but no one professed to know its builders or for what purpose it had been erected. From the Casa Blanca we went to the Mann ranch a few miles above. This fine property was owned by a Mrs. Mann, and her horse and cow brand—a running M—was known from the San Antonio to the Rio Grande. We found the place wholly abandoned. The beautiful residence stood with doors ajar, and the silence of desolation brooded over the surroundings. Dr. Cox dismounted and led the way. In the rooms, once luxuriantly furnished, still remained some of the furniture, but that which held my attention most was the once magnificent library. From early childhood I had been a "book worm," and here spread out before me was the accumulated wisdom of the ages. Books on the chairs, on the tables, on the shelves—books everywhere, and for me, no time to read scarcely a title page. Every feature in this once elegant mansion betokened former wealth, culture and refinement. The sons had gone away to war, while mother and sisters not caring to hazard their lives on a ranch remote from others and exposed to the rapacity of border ruffians had retired to Goliad, leaving their vast herds of stock and their pretty home to the mercies of the Bedouins of the border.

Cook and Williams left us and went to look after some stock, and we started on our return. When we had gone some distance the doctor opened a magazine he had secured at the ranch and began to read as we proceeded at a slow gait. This gave me opportunity to fall back and engage Mr. Stanfield in conversation. I told him how I came to be there, my destination, etc., and if he wanted to escape I was there to lead him safely to Matamoras. He asked me if I was in earnest or was I jesting with him in his misfortune. He would gladly go; he would take any risk; his people in Illinois were well-to-do and if I would provide a way for his escape, I would be amply rewarded some day. Before reaching the ranch a plan of escape was agreed upon, on condition that Ciriaco's horse was recovered.

As most of our stock had been on the grass during the day, that night we staked them and put out our guard. It was a delightful clear evening, dand we sat around and talked on various subjects until a late hour, when we were startled by the appearance of three horsemen approaching from the direction of the ferry. They were Ciriaco, Shoffit and Kendrick. They had caught the thieves and recovered the horses. Ciriaco would have but little to say about the capture, but Shoffit and Kendrck said it beat a circus. Near the spot where the capture was made, was a small mot of naqua trees. The two boys could not understand Spanish very well, but said they never heard so many "Carrajos" (a Mexican curse word) in all their lives. They stood by as spectators to see the fun, while Ciriaco was spokesman, orator and executioner. He tied El Zarco, the pelado, to a small naqua, stripped all his clothes off and whipped him most unmercifully with his quirt. The boys declared that he would have beaten him to death had they not interferred and stopped the performance. Not being satisfied with the beating he gave him he tore and cut every rag of his clothing, even his shoes into fragments and turned him loose stark naked. The Mexican with El Zarco could speak a little English and protested his innocence. He was a young lad, and as they had no proof against his being caught in bad company, they let him off easy.

The next morning, accompanied by Ciriaco and three others of my most trustworthy men, I went up to Dr. Cox's. On the road I told these men my plans for getting the Yankee out of his trouble. When we reached the Doctor's it was quite probable that I would have no chance to talk with the prisoner, as my host would occupy all of my time, and, moreover, if seen talking with Stanfield suspicions would be aroused. One of the boys could get him aside and instruct him to be at Lago Cayman that night between 9 and 10 o'clock without fail. I had noticed while at the ranch the previous day a McLelland saddle, the kind used by the Federal cavalry at Browns-

ville, and he was to be instructed to bring a light army saddle, a bridle and a stake rope whch he could easily carry.

We remained a couple of hours at Dr. Cox's. I told the Doctor and his family that the object of my visit was to thank them for the kind favors shown me; that I was going to leave immediately, and sincerely hoped that at some future day we might meet again under more favorable circumstances. By way of parenthesis I want to say that on this and my previous visit I took note of the three sons of Dr. Cox. James, the eldest, who was about my age, later became one of the dearest boyhood friends I ever knew. Alex, another son, was some ten or twelve years old, while the youngest—Lennie they called him—was a wee blue-eyed lad about four years old and was the pet of the family. He is now a prosperous merchant of Ozona, Texas, and Crockett county has not a more popular upright citizen than L. B. Cox.

During our stay at Dr. Cox's I observed that one of our men was engaged in conversation with Stanfield and I made my stay sufficiently long to enable him to explain fully every detail of my plan. When we left the ranch one of the men told me to be on my guard, as Cook had left early that morning and he believed he was getting his crowd together and if possible arrest us on some pretext or other. He was hated by the Mexicans, and at all hazards I should be on my guard. (While seated at his table writing, Cook was shot and instantly killed by a Mexican shortly after the close of the war).

It was about 10 miles from the Nueces to Banquette, which was then a very small village on Agua Dulce creek, and directly on the road to King's ranch and Brownsville. We rode to the Agua Dulce that evening leaving Banquett two or three miles to the right and went into the brush, struck camp and waited for night to shelter further operations. When it became dark, four of us rode back to Cayman and lingered there until our man came up with his saddle and bridle swinging across his shoulder. We had an extra horse ready for him and by midnight we were safe in camp on the Agua Dulce. I aroused the boys and told them to saddle up, we must get in the chaparal beyond King's ranch just as soon as possible. None could be in more need of sleep than I, but our safety now depended on speed in getting out of the country and I did not want to be taken, tried by court martial and shot for having aided in the escape of a Yankee prisoner. Daylight found us snugly enconsed in the brush where we spent the day, taking turns in watching and sleeping. In the forenoon I found time to study my new recruit. He told me of his boyhood, his home life, his enlistment and his final capture. He was in the trenches around Vicksburg during the siege and was with Banks when the latter took Brownsville. He was a member of the Church of United Brethren and had tried to live right in the army. He showed me a little Bible his mother gave him the day he marched away to the war. When captured by the rebels his little book was about all they had left him and when he slipped away from his captors he had purloined a morral in which to safely carry this precious old book, which in truth, was about all the baggage the poor fellow had to get off with. That evening before resuming our night journey, he asked if we objected to his praying before starting. I told him that I believed in prayer, and we all would kneel with him. From that time until we reached Matamoras that devout soldier prayed every morning and evening, and his walk and conversation showed that he was a noble type of a God-fearing, faithful young Christian.

That night after having passed King's ranch, we bore off in the direction of Rancho Los Olmes, 30 miles distant. Los Olmes was a quiet secluded place, far from the main line of travel, and was rarely visited by Americans. There were some five or six jacals, with as many families, Mexicans, and all seemed very poor. The country alternated between dense chaparal and prairie, grass was abundant and there was no dearth of

Feeling quite safe and thirty miles off the main line of travel we decided to rest at Rancho Los Olmes a couple of days and give our horses needed rest. Grass was exellent, rich and nutrious and the simple Mexicans were kind and hospitable. The morning after our arrival a Captain with 30 men, all Mexicans, belonging to Benevides' regiment of cavalry, C. S. A. came up and went into camp within fifty yards of our bivouac.

Before unsaddling, a bunch of their men shot a fine beef steer that with ather cattle had come to the watering place, and while some built fires others engag-

ed in dressing the beef and ere long the aroma of barbecued meats filled the air. The owner of the animal came out and protested, the captain offered him ten dollars Confederate money , which was refused. This refusal gave the Captain mortal offence. He told the old Mexican who was being ruthlessly robbed that his refusal to accept the national currency showed that he was a traitor to his country and that he ought to be shot. He, the captain, with his men had been detailed to procure a large herd of beeves to feed the hungry soldiers that were fighting for their country; he had orders to pay ten dollars a head Confederate money, (worth then about 10 cents or less on the dollar), and when a cattle owner refused that offer, he was a traitor and his stock would be taken and no pay would he get.

These men were well mounted, armed and better dressed than any Confederate soldier I had ever seen. The captain offered to divide beef with us and became very friendly. When he asked me to what command I belonged I told him I was captain of my company and we had been detailed on a scout through that section and report to the commandant at Rancho Davis; that we were short of coffee and sugar and if he had any of those luxuries to spare I hoped he would honor a small requistion. Certainly, he didn't have much on hand, but he would be more than glad to accommodate a comrade in arms—and we got fourteen pounds of real high grade coffee and two dozen peloncillos—the only kind of sugar they had.

In conversation, this captain admitted the stealing of live stock and justified the act by saying that it was for the benefit and maintenance of the army. He further stated with much humor, that in the organization of the regiment the authorities were told that if ten companies of Mexicans were incorporated in one regiment with Mexican officers , they would steal every thing in sight from El Paso to Boca del Rio Grande. "Acting upon this advice," said he "they had attached two companies of Americans to our regiment and it turned out they can steal more in one day than we can in a life time. They steal cotton and grab the customs revenues, while we are sent out to press beeves and horses for the government and when these are driven across the river and sold they pocket the proceeds, barely allowing us our monthly pay of sixteen dollars, specie, our sugar, coffee, clothing etc."

We rested two days at Los Olmes and in the morning we left, one of the captain's men told Ciriaco that they had rounded up over six hundred fine beeves during the past day and a half and that they would get as many more before leaving. I wish to say in this connection that I do not vouch for the truth of this Mexican captain's statement, I merely relate the story as 'twas told to me. At the time, I had no occasion to give it discredit.

Our next objective point was a crossing on the Rio Grande, some miles below Rancho Davis. I had learned from the Mexican captain at Rancho Los Olmes, that one of the two American companies of his (Benavide's) Regiment was posted at Rancho Davis. Knowing the cupidity of these soldiers stationed on the Rio Grande, I had no desire to meet but rather cherished a fervent desire to avoid their presence. However, we traveled leisurely, gave our horses ample time to rest and graze, when we reached a point about eight miles from Rancho Davis we fell in with two Mexicans, the elder of whom informed us that he owned a ranch four miles below Ranch Davis and invited us to go by and accept his hospitality as there was to be a baile (dance) at his ranchito that night and we would be entiely welcome.

I sized this man up as being an all nound picaro,t a fawning rascal that would do to watch. We had halted when he and his company came upand after listening to his invitation to his fandango I told of our situation and desire to cross the river without encountering a position from the Confederates. He told me that there was a hard set of troops at Rancho Davis, that they were a gang of ladrones and that they patroled the river with great dilligence in order to arrest those who wee trying to get out of the Confederacy into Mexico and that unless a man was well acquainted with the country and the crossings on the river he would surely be caught by the guards if he attempted to cross. He knew every goat trail in the country, knew of a safe crossing, where the ourent was not swift, some miles below the Post; a friend had a small boat there in which we could cross over and swim our stock. He would pilot us to the place, procure the boat, and assist in crossing the horses for $25.

I was posessed of a fair knowledge of Mexican character and proceeded to turn it to account. I told him we did not need a pilot, that some of us had a knowledge of the rountry and that we didn't care for getting our clothes wet, that we had crossed several rivers on this trip by swimming, but if he was willing to lead the way and secure the little boat I would give him siy dollars, which would be fair wages, for one night's work.

After some further haggling, he accepted the offer and asked us to go to his ranch and get supper before going further. At the ranch we found that preparations were being made for a grand baile that night, The women were cooking tortillas, tamales, chili con carne and brewing coffee. These refreshments were to be served only to those able to pay for them. The orchestra was already on the grounds and regaled our attentive ear with choice selections from their reportoire. The orchestra consisted of only three pieces; a wheezy old fiddle, a clarionette that bore a very ancient appearance, and a barrel with a rawhide stretched over the ends. This rude instrument served as a drum and at each interlude, amateurs almost fought for the privilege of pounding the vibrant rawhide. Quite a number had assembled and the national game, monte, was in evidence. Seated on a blanket spread upon the ground, the man with two or three dollars in small change and a deck of Mexican cards, could open a Monte bank, and unless some shrewd compadre with sufficient wealth to tap, win and break his pile, was liable to play all night and go home the next day with about the same amount of money. Among these rancho's "bucking at Monte" is a craze, and women, old and young, crowd the card table the same as the men.

I cautioned the boys to stay close together and to keep an eye on our stock, which was tethered nearby. We were in a tough crowd among whom, judging from their looks, were men who for a dollar would "cut a throat or scuttle a ship", if opportunity offered. We partook freely of their food preparations, paying for all we consumed and at dusk we rounded up our compadre and set out for the river, which without mishap we crossed and found ourselves safe at last. On the west bank of the river, we slept soundly, refreshingly and undisturbed, and the sun was up shinning brightly when we arose to breakfast on a scant ration of dried beef. But we were happy; overjoyed at the thought of having reached a country where Home Guards and conscript officers could not disturb or molest, and we thought that Stanfield's prayer of thanksgiving for deliverance was longer and more fervent than usual that morning.

From the place of our bivouac on the west bank of the Rio Grande we pursued a southwesterly course through chaparala and nopal until we came to the Camargo and Matamoras road. This was one of the most prominent highways in the valley and we had not proceeded far along this road in the direction of Matamoras when we met a company of soldiers. They belonged to the liberal or Juarez forces and by their enemies, the Imperialists were called Rojos, liberales, and guerrillas. The lieutenant, who commanded this squad, informed us that the French army had taken Monterey and were advancing on Matamoras and that the Liberal General, Menez, was concentrating his forces for the defense of the city and that we were likely to see some desperate fighting before another week had passed.

Nothing daunted, we pushed forward and in due time, reached the end of our journey.

Matamoras is situated on the south bank of the Rio Grande and the country away from the city, south, north, and west, is one vast plain and the spires of the city may be seen from a great distance. It was with feelings of extreme delight that I beheld once more the tall steeples over the great cathedral and as we rode into the city late in the evening, no music ever sounded sweeter than those evening bells, as they rang out from the great belfry at the cathedral.

After supper Mr. Cox was sent for, and his joy and surprise was excessive. He remained with us until morning and had many questions to ask concerning his family on the Colorado. I placed in his hands the quirt which he gave me, five weeks before, and told him his good wife, with her own hands, had extracted from its concealment the letter he had enclosed for her and in its stead had placed a reply.

There were no banks in Matamoras at the time of which I write and many Americans, Mr. Cox among others, kept their money in the safe in the consulate. The morning after our arrival Mr. Cox

asked me to go to the consul's offi,ce and he would pay me. He suggested that we all—my entire crowd—go over and call on the consul. This we agreed to and saddling our stock we mounted and with the two mules rode over and drew up in front of the consulate. Mr. Cox went in and in a few minutes came out with Mr. Pierce, the consul. There were twenty-four all told in my crowd, twenty Texans, whom I had been instrumental in leading into Mexico and the Yankee whom we had run off with, and my man Ciriaco. The consul spoke flatteringly of the achievement, took charge of Mr. Stanfield and retired. Mr. Cox paid me the $200, gold, and didn't complain at the expense account.

* * * *

Reader, this closes the story of "Heel Fly Time in Texas." I hope it has proven entertaining and instructive. I have made no attempt at verbal embellishment. I have stated plain, unvarnished facts. There are those living near San Angelo and elsewhere in West Texas, who know a number of the circumstances related, and there be those who know many of the parties mentioned. You would doubtless know something of my faithful Mexican, Ciriaco; something more of Mr. Stanfield.

As to the latter, a few days after having reached Matamoras, he bade me goodbye and stated that he was on the eve of departing, by water, for his command on San Padre Island. I never heard more of him.

Ciriaco re-enlisted in the Liberal army under the brave General Mendez and fought gallantly through the war against the Imperialists. He was in General Escobedo's army at the siege of Quarretario and witnessed the execution of the Emperor Maximillian, June 19, 1867. He now lives on his hacienda near Victoria in the state of Tamaulipas.

The boys readily obtained employment in Matamoras and I learned later that some of them enlisted in the Liberal Army under Juarez and assisted in the overthrow of the Maximillian empire.

The American consul sent for me a few days after our arrival in Matamoras and offered me a handsome reward if I would go back into Texas and manage to release the San Padre Island prisoners that were still being held near San Patrico, but I respectfully declined, preferring a quiet, uneventful life in Mexico, to the hazardous and uncertain chances of being chased by Home Guards during Heel Fly Time in Texas.

THE END

"LEGENDS OF TEXAS."

We have just received "Legends of Texas," edited by J. Frank Dobie, and published by the Texas Folk-Lore Society of Texas. This is the third volume of the publication of the Texas Folk-Lore Society, and the best yet. Proffessor Dobie, until quite recently connected with the University of Texas, but now Professor of English in the Oklahoma Agricultural and Mechanical College at Stillwater, Oklahoma, has assembled the most wonderful collection of legends of this state that has ever been rounded up. To give the proper review of this excellent book would require several pages of Frontier Times. As we are ready to close our forms for this issue, we will only give a list of the contents as they appear in the index to "Legends of Texas," and take occasion to admonish every one of our readers to secure a copy of the book at once, as the edition is probably limited:

"An Inquiry into the Sources of Treasure Legends of .exas."—J. Frank Dobie.

"The Legend of the San Saba or Bowie Mine."—J. Frank Dobie.

"Lost Gold of the Llano Country,"—E. G. Littlejohn.

"Lost Mines of the Llano and San Saba"—Miss Julia Estill.

"Treasure Legends of McMullen County,"—J. Frank Dobie.

"Legendary Spanish Forts Down the Nueces,"—J. Frank Dobie.

"Treasure Chest on the Nueces."—Mary A. Sutherland.

"The Battlefields of Palo Alto and

Resaca de la Palma."—J. Frank Dobie.

"How Dollars Turned into Bumble Bees, and Other Legends."—J. Frank Dobie.

"Native Treasure Talk on the Frio."—Fannie Ratchford.

"The Silver Ledge on the Frio."—J. Frank Dobie.

"Lost Mine Near Sabinal."—Edgar B. Kincaid.

"The Nigger Gold Mine of the Big Bend."—J. Frank Dobie.

"Mysterious Gold Mine of the Guadalupe Mountains."—J. Marvin Hunter.

"Lost Copper Mines and Spanish Gold, Haskell County."—R. E. Sherill.

"Lost Lead Mine on the Brazos, King County."—L. D. Bertillion.

"The Accursed Gold in the Santa Anna Mountains."—J. Leeper Gay.

"The Hole of Gold Near Wichita Falls."—J. Frank Dobie.

"Buried Treasure Legends of Cooke County"—Lillian Gunter.

"The Treasure Cannon of the Neches."—Roscoe Martin.

"The Dream Woman and the White Rose Bush."—Mary A. Sutherland.

"Steinheimer's Millions."—L. D. Bertillion.

"The Snively Legend."—J. Frank Dobie.

"Buried Treasure Legends of Milam County."—Louise von Blittersdorf.

"The Wagonload of Silver in Clear Fork Creek."—L. W. Payne, Jr.

"Moro's Gold."—Fannie Ratchford.

"The Legend of Stampede Mesa."—John R. Craddock.

"The Woman of the Western Star; A Legend of Rangers."—Adele B. Looscan.

"The Devil and Strap Buckner." N. A. Taylor.

"The Legend of Cheetwah."—Edith C. Lane.

"The Mysterious Woman in Blue."—Charles H. Heimsath.

"The Headless Squatter."—John R. Craddock.

"Mysterious Music in the San Bernard River."—Bertha McKee Dobie.

"The Death Bell of the Brazos."—Bertha McKee Dobie.

"The Legend of the Salt Marshes."—Bertha McKee Dobie.

"Rhymes of Galveston Bay."—John P. Sjolander.

"The Enchanted Rock in Llano County."—Julia Estill.

"Francesca: A Legend of Old Fort Stockton."—L. W. Payne, Jr.

"Lover's Retreat and Lovers' Retreat, Palo Pinto."—J. S. Spratt.

"Lover's Leap in Kimble County."—Flora Eckert.

"The Waiting Woman."—John R. Craddock.

"Lover's Leap at Santa Anna."—Austin Callan.

"Antonette's Leap: The Legend of Mount Bonnell."—J. Frank Dobie.

"From Sunset in August: Galveston Beach."—Stanley E. Babb.

"Life and Legends of Lafitte the Pirate."—E. G. Littlejohn.

"The Uneasy Ghost of Lafitte."—Julia Beasley.

"Lafitte Lore."—J. O. Webb.

"The Pirate Ship of the San Bernard: A Legend of Theodosia Burr Allston."—J. W. Morris.

"An Irish Legend of the Blue Bonnet."—Mrs. Bruce Reid.

"How the Water Lillies Came to the San Marcos River."—Bella French Swisher.

"The Legend of Eagle Lake."

"The Holy Spring of Father Margil at Nacogdoches."—E. G. Littlejohn.

"Indian Bluff on Canadian River."—L. W. Payne, Jr.

"How Medicine Mounds of Hardeman County Got Their Names."—L. W. Payne, Jr.

"The Naming of Metheglin Creek."—Alex Dienst.

"How Dead Horse Canyon Got Its Name."—Victor J. Smith.

"How the Brazos River Got Its Name."—J. Frank Dobie.

"How the Brazos and Colorado Originated."—E. G. Littlejohn.

"The White Steed of the Prairies."—W. P. Webb.

"The Legend of Sam Bass."—W. P. Webb.

"The Horn Worshipers."—L. D. Bertillion.

"The Cave of Montezuma."—J. Leeper Gay.

"The First Corn Crop in Texas."—A. W. Eddins.

"La Casa del Santa Anna."—A. W. Eddins.

"Lost Canyon of the Big Bend Country."—J. Frank Dobie.

"A Tradition of La Salle's Expedition into Texas."—Alex. Dienst.

"Big Foot and Little Foot."—Mrs. S. J. Wright.

"The Wild Woman of the Navidad."—Martin M. Kenney.

NOTICE
The inside covers of the original Hunter's FRONTIER TIMES were blank, which affords us the opportunity to include this 1888 map of Texas. We hope it will add to your reading enjoyment of these facsimiles.
Hunter's FRONTIER TIMES
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Map from Cram's Family Atlas of the World, 1888

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